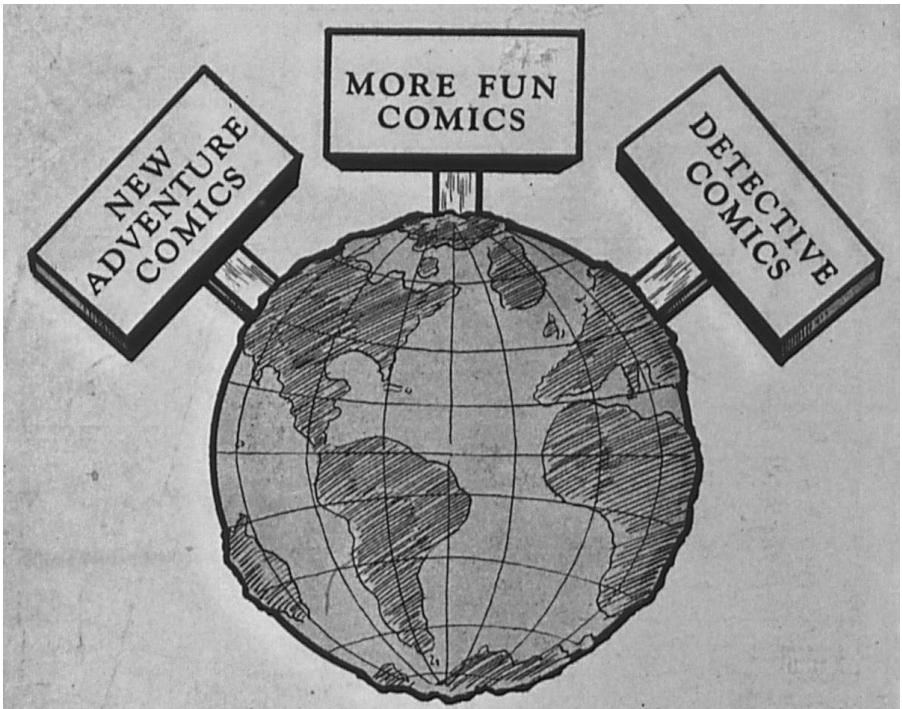
No. 4
SEPTEMBER, 1938
ACTION COMICS
10¢
LEO O'MEALI



THEY'RE THE TOPS!

MYSTERY, THRILLS AND ADVENTURE IN EVERY ONE OF THESE COMIC MAGAZINES! 10¢ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

ACTION COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN
Editor

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To Gary — Joe Shuster — Jerry Siegel

SUPERMAN

by JEROME SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER

EXHILARATED BY THE DEMON *SPEED*, A DRUNKEN, IRRESPONSIBLE DRIVER RACES FASTER — FASTER STILL! ABRUPTLY . . A SHRILL SHRIEK . . . A SHARP IMPACT — *HE HAS STRUCK A PEDESTRIAN!* FRIGHTENED BEYOND REASONING, THE MOTORIST PRESSES HIS CAR TO GREATER SPEED, AND FLEES IN TERROR FROM THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME!

1.

A CROWD SWIFTLY GATHERS ABOUT THE HIT-SKIP VICTIM . . .

HE'S IN AGONY.

GET AN AMBULANCE!

2.

HIGH OVERHEAD, A FIGURE WHICH HAD WITNESSED THE TRAGEDY, SPRINGS INTO ACTION. — IT IS *SUPERMAN*, CHAMPION OF THE WEAK AND HELPLESS

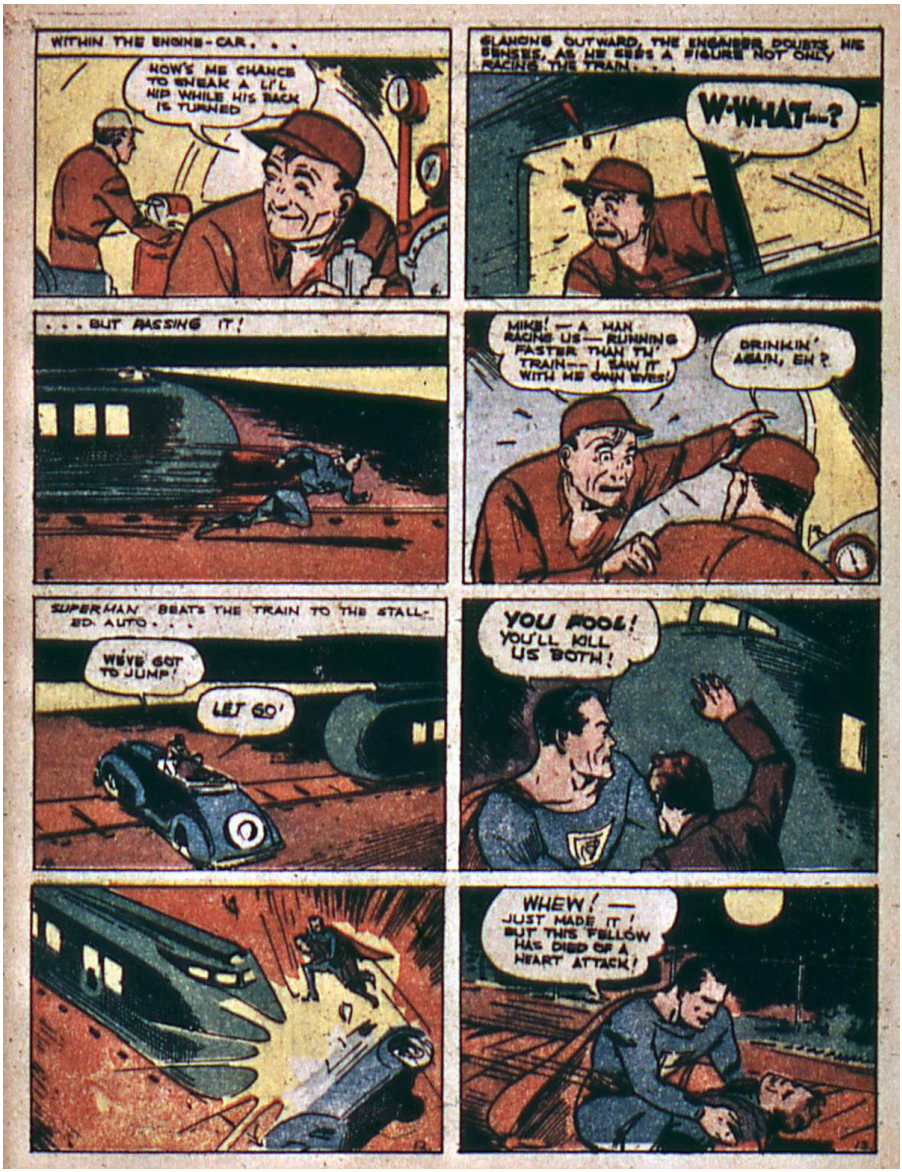
3.

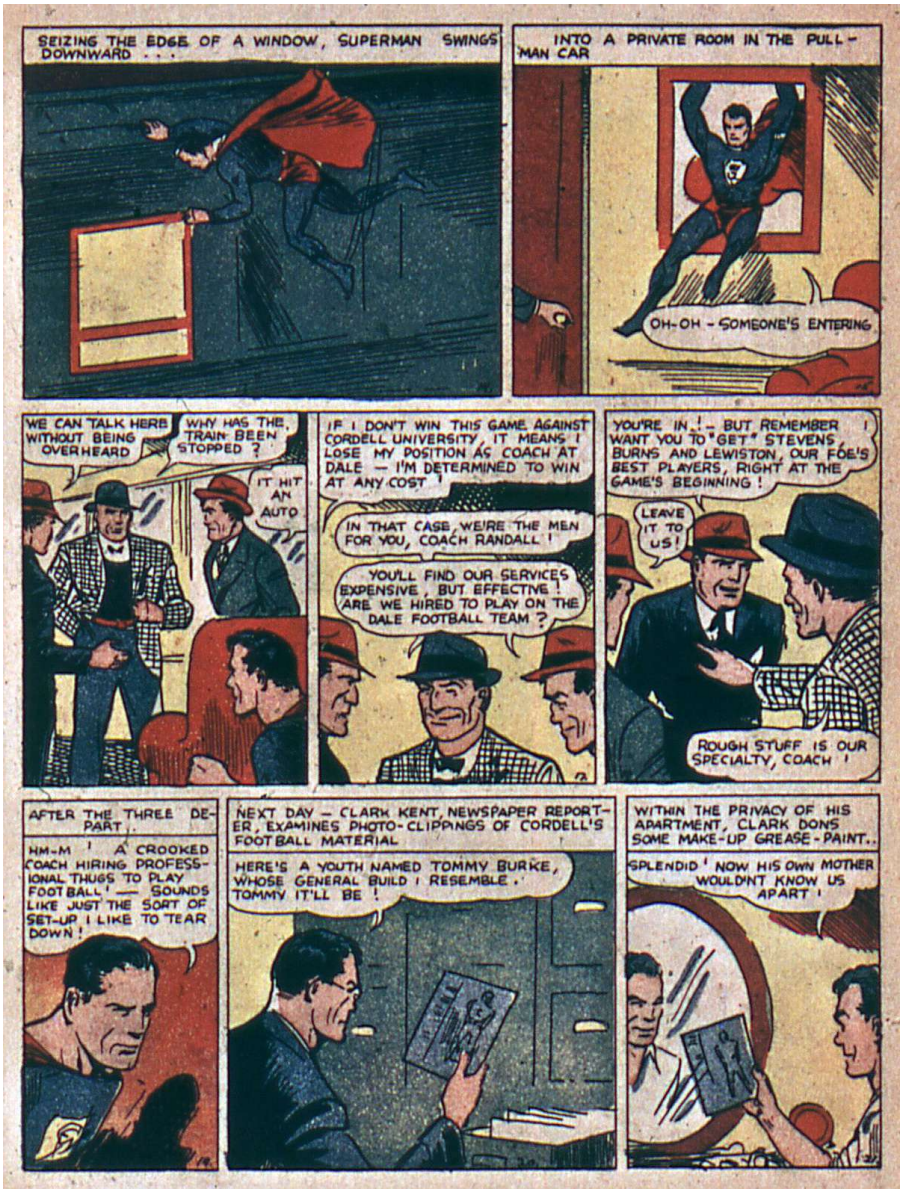
HIS GREAT LEAP BRINGS HIM DOWN BESIDE A RAILROAD TRACK . . . ALMOST PLUNGING HIM INTO THE SIDE OF A HURTLING TRAIN!

4.

FAR AHEAD ON THE TRACK, IN THE TRAIN'S PATH, THE HIT-SKIP CAR HAS STALLED

5.


WITHIN THE ENGINE-CAR . . .
HOW'S ME CHANCE TO SNEAK A LI'L NIP WHILE HIS BACK IS TURNED
GLANCING OUTWARD, THE ENGINEER DOUBTS HIS SENSES, AS HE SEES A FIGURE NOT ONLY RACING THE TRAIN . . .
W-WHAT—?
. . . BUT PASSING IT!
MIKE! — A MAN RACING US — RUNNING FASTER THAN TH' TRAIN — I SAW IT WITH ME OWN EYES!
DRINKIN' AGAIN, EH?
SUPERMAN BEATS THE TRAIN TO THE STALLED AUTO . . .
WE'VE GOT TO JUMP!
LET GO!
YOU FOOL! YOU'LL KILL US BOTH!
WHEW! — JUST MADE IT! BUT THIS FELLOW HAS DIED OF A HEART ATTACK!


SEIZING THE EDGE OF A WINDOW, SUPERMAN SWINGS DOWNWARD . . .
INTO A PRIVATE ROOM IN THE PULLMAN CAR
OH-OH - SOMEONE'S ENTERING
WE CAN TALK HERE WITHOUT BEING OVERHEARD
WHY HAS THE TRAIN BEEN STOPPED ?
IT HIT AN AUTO
IF I DON'T WIN THIS GAME AGAINST CORDELL UNIVERSITY, IT MEANS I LOSE MY POSITION AS COACH AT DALE — I'M DETERMINED TO WIN AT ANY COST !
IN THAT CASE, WE'RE THE MEN FOR YOU, COACH RANDALL !
YOU'LL FIND OUR SERVICES EXPENSIVE, BUT EFFECTIVE ! ARE WE HIRED TO PLAY ON THE DALE FOOTBALL TEAM ?
YOU'RE IN ! - BUT REMEMBER ! I WANT YOU TO 'GET' STEVENS BURNS AND LEWISTON, OUR FOE'S BEST PLAYERS, RIGHT AT THE GAME'S BEGINNING !
LEAVE IT TO US !
ROUGH STUFF IS OUR SPECIALTY, COACH !
AFTER THE THREE DEPART . .
HM-M ! A CROOKED COACH HIRING PROFESSIONAL THUGS TO PLAY FOOTBALL ! — SOUNDS LIKE JUST THE SORT OF SET-UP I LIKE TO TEAR DOWN !
NEXT DAY — CLARK KENT, NEWSPAPER REPORTER, EXAMINES PHOTO-CLIPPINGS OF CORDELL'S FOOTBALL MATERIAL
HERE'S A YOUTH NAMED TOMMY BURKE, WHOSE GENERAL BUILD I RESEMBLE . TOMMY IT'LL BE !
WITHIN THE PRIVACY OF HIS APARTMENT, CLARK DONS SOME MAKE-UP GREASE-PAINT . .
SPLENDID ! NOW HIS OWN MOTHER WOULDN'T KNOW US APART !

THAT EVENING, TOMMY BURKE RECEIVES AN ULTIMATUM FROM HIS GIRL FRIEND, MARY
YOU MEAN — YOU DON'T WANT TO GO TO TH' MOVIES WITH ME ?
NOW, OR EVER !
I'M ASHAMED OF YOU, TOMMY BURKE ! YOU TOLD ME YOU'D BE A FOOTBALL HERO, BUT IN THE SIX OR SEVEN YEARS YOU'VE BEEN A SUBSTITUTE, YOU'VE NEVER GOTTEN INTO EVEN ONE GAME !
I S'POSE YOU'LL BE LOOKIN' FOR A NEW BOY-FRIEND NOW
WRONG ! — I'VE ALREADY GOT ONE WALLACE DODD, THE TENNIS CHAMPION ! — HE'S A REAL ATHLETE !
LATER - AS BURKE DESPONDENTLY WALKS HOMEWARD, HE IS TOTALLY UNAWARE THAT HE'S BEING TRAILED !
I'LL SHOW HER ! - I'LL MAKE THE TEAM ! I'LL BE FAMOUS ! AN' THEN, I WON'T EVEN LOOK AT HER !
DON'T MOVE !
WHAT IS THIS ? A HOLD-UP ?
G-GOOD LORD ! — YOU'RE ME !
YOU'RE MISTAKEN ! — YOU'RE NOT LOOKING AT TOMMY BURKE SUBSTITUTE, BUT AT TOMMY BURKE THE GREATEST FOOTBALL PLAYER OF ALL TIME !
BURKE LURCHES FORWARD TO ATTACK — INSTANTLY HE FEELS THE STING OF A HYPODERMIC-NEEDLE — HE LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS !

BURKE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS TO DISCOVER HIMSELF A PRISONER IN HIS OWN APARTMENT.
W-WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME ? I CAN'T MOVE !
YOU NEED'NT WORRY. YOU'RE JUST RENDERED PASSIVE BY A DRUG.
30
BUT WHAT'S TH' BIG IDEA ?
MERELY THIS: I'M GOING TO TAKE YOUR PLACE IN LIFE FOR A FEW DAYS — SO LONG, FOR NOW !
31
DISGUISED AS BURKE, SUPERMAN REPORTS TO THE LOCKER-ROOM OF CORDELL UNIVERSITY, PREPARATORY TO FOOTBALL PRACTICE.
WELL, HERE GOES ! — WONDER IF I'LL GET AWAY WITH IT ?
LOCKER ROOM
32
HELLO, BOYS !
WELL, WELL ! IF IT AIN'T TOMMY BURKE, CHAMPION BENCH-WARMER OF THE CENTURY !
GET INTO YOUR UNIFORM, BURKE — WE WANTA SEE WHAT A REAL FOOTBALL PLAYER LOOKS LIKE !
33
I DON'T KNOW IN WHICH LOCKER BURKE KEEPS HIS STUFF — I'LL JUST CHOOSE ONE AT RANDOM... THIS ONE WILL DO.
34
SAY ! — WHAT TH' BLAZES YOU DOIN' IN MY LOCKER ?
SORRY-- MY MISTAKE.
35
I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO BE REALLY SORRY ABOUT !
36
DON'T STAND THERE GRINNING ! PUT UP YOUR HANDS AND FIGHT !
BUT IT'S MORE FUN TO SIMPLY WATCH !
37

GOLLY! CAN BURKE "TAKE IT"!
MARTIN IS GIVING HIM EVERYTHING HE HAS!
BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BOTHER BURKE MUCH!
THO SUPERMAN IS UNAFFECTED BY RAY MARTIN'S FRENZIED BLOWS, HE DECIDES TO END THE ONE-SIDED BATTLE. HE TAPS MARTIN LIGHTLY--
CRASH!
GO AWAY! - YOU BOTHER ME!
MARTIN FLIES HEADLONG ACROSS THE LOCKER ROOM.
HE'S OUT!
COLD!
CORDELL'S COACH, OLIVER STANLEY, RUSHES INTO THE LOCKER-ROOM...
WHY ALL THE NOISE? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
MARTIN -- UNCONSCIOUS! -- WHO DID THIS?
I-I'M AFRAID I DID, SIR!
SO YOU'VE TURNED TROUBLE-MAKER, EH BURKE?
WELL, TAKE OFF THAT UNIFORM AND CLEAR OUTA HERE! - YOU'RE THROUGH HERE! - BEAT IT!
THE FOOTBALL PLAYERS CHARGE ONTO THE FIELD AND COMMENCE A PRACTICE GAME
GOSH, COACH! THINGS DON'T SEEM THE SAME WITHOUT BURKE ON THE BENCH!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOT INTO HIM. HE ALWAYS WAS MEEK AS A LAMB BUT TODAY...

WITHIN THE LOCKER-ROOM
FINE PROGRESS, I MUST SAY! FIRST I GET IN A FIGHT, THEN GET KICKED OFF THE BENCH! — WHAT A DIRTY TRICK TO PULL ON BURKE!
ORDERS OR NO ORDERS, I'M GOING OUT ON THAT FIELD AND SHOW COACH STANLEY A THING OR TWO!
LOOK! THERE'S BURKE! — HE'S COME OUT ON THE FIELD!
OH-OH! — WAIT'LL COACH SEES HIM!
DOWNWARD SOARS A FOOTBALL TOWARD AN OPEN SPACE IN THE FIELD . . .
ABRUPTLY A FIGURE DASHES OUT AND SNAGS IT!
BURKE!
I THOUGHT I'D TOLD THAT — —!
GRAB THAT MAN! GIVE HIM TH' 'BUM'S RUSH'! — THROW HIM OUT TH' FIELD ON HIS EAR!
STARTING FROM A GOAL POST, SUPERMAN LEISURELY TROTS FORWARD, AS EVERY PLAYER ON THE FIELD CONVERGES UPON HIM!
COME ON! THE MORE THE MERRIER!

THIS IS GOING TO BE GOOD ! THE SAP IS RUNNING FOR A GOAL, WITH EVERYONE ON THE FIELD TRYING TO STOP HIM. - THERE GOES MARTIN !
THIS IS FOR POKING INTO MY LOCKER !
AND THIS IS FOR BUSTING ME ON THE JAW !
HE GOT BY MARTIN !
JUST AN ACCIDENT. - HE'LL HAVE TO BE AN ACROBAT TO GET PAST THEM !
COACH
SUPERMAN LEAPS TO THE SHOULDER OF ONE OF THE THREE ONCOMING PLAYERS, AND SPRINGS OVER THE OTHER TWO.
ALLEZ-OOP !
THERE'S YOUR ACROBAT ! HE'S HALF WAY DOWN THE FIELD ! I BELIEVE HE'S GOING TO MAKE IT !
JUST FOOL'S LUCK, SO FAR ! WAIT'LL HE MEETS OUR "UNBEATABLES" STEVENS, BURNS AND LEWISTON !
COACH
THE ENTIRE REMAINING TEAM PILES ONTO SUPERMAN !
THEY'VE GOT HIM !
BUT THE COACH IS FOOLED - FOR SUPERMAN CONTINUES TO DASH DOWN THE FIELD, WITH THE ENTIRE TEAM HANGING ON TO HIM !

JUST BEFORE SUPERMAN REACHES THE GOAL-POST, HE SHAKES OFF THE PLAY-ERS --- THEN CROSSES THE LINE.
AND THAT -- IS THAT!
!
TOUCHDOWN !!
COACH
62
BURKE, HAVE YOU BEEN HOLDING OUT ON ME?
WHAT'S COME OVER BURKE? BOY! WHATTA RUN!
AND TO THINK I LET THIS GUY SIT ON THE BENCH FOR SIX ENTIRE SEASONS!
BUT HE CAN BE IN OUR LAST GAME -- THE ONE AGAINST DALE, WHICH WILL DECIDE THE CHAMPIONSHIP!
ACH
THIS THE SPORTS EDITOR OF THE NEWS?-- LISTEN! I'VE A PLAY-ER NAMED TOMMY BURKE WHO'S A MARVEL, A SENSATION! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT!
BURKE? -- DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! -IT'S NO SECRET HE'S THE JOKE OF THE CORDELL TEAM -WHAT IS THIS? A GAG?
66
IN BURKE'S APARTMENT -
WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
THIS ARTICLE ABOUT YOU - SATIRICAL BUT STILL, GOOD PUBLICITY!
67
AT DALE UNIVERSITY -
THIS ARTICLE PLAYS UP BURKE AS A CLOWN BUT JUST THE SAME, I THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA IF CORDELL'S STAR PLAYER DISAPPEARED
UNTIL THE GAME WAS OVER, EH, BOSS?
WE GET YOU!
68

DURING THE FOLLOWING DAYS, THE CORDELL TEAM PRACTICES STEADILY FOR THE BIG GAME
I STILL DON'T GET IT! - HOW IN THE WORLD CAN A PLAYER BECOME SO GOOD OVERNIGHT?
IF YOU KNEW, YOU'D BE THE GREATEST COACH IN THE WORLD!
TOMORROW'S THE GAME WITH DALE! NOW REMEMBER -- EARLY TO BED, NO SMOKING, NO DRINKING! - PLEASANT DREAMS!
THAT EVENING --
BURKE IS ASLEEP IN THAT APARTMENT, - YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.
LATER -
HE'S COMPLETELY TIED!
STRANGE HE DIDN'T STRUGGLE AT ALL!
THE TWO THUGS ARE UNAWARE BURKE IS UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF A SLEEP-INDUCING DRUG OR THAT SUPERMAN IS OBSERVING THEM FROM THE MOLDING OVERHEAD!
WHEN THE KIDNAPPERS DRIVE OFF SUPERMAN RACES IN PURSUIT, EASILY KEEPING THEIR AUTO IN SIGHT!
BURKE IS BROUGHT INTO A DESERTED HOUSE!
W-WHERE AM I?
WHERE YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO GET INTO TOMORROW'S GAME
BUT YOU DON'T WANT ME - I'M JUST A SUBSTITUTE AND BESIDES -
ARE YOU TOMMY BURKE?
YES, BUT IT ISN'T ME WHO --
THAT'S ALL WE WANTA KNOW - THIS GAG'LL QUIET YOU DOWN

SUPERMAN, WHO HAS BEEN OBSERVING THE SCENE THRU A WINDOW, GRINS
EING! THEY'VE TAKEN HIM OFF MY HANDS - AND THEY MEAN HIM NO PHYSICAL HARM!
NEXT MORNING, HUGE THRONGS CROWD INTO THE STADIUM, LITTLE REALIZING THEY ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE MOST AMAZING, FOOTBALL GAME OF ALL TIME
STADIUM
COACH RANDALL DROPPING IN ON COACH STANLEY TO GLOAT OVER BURKE'S DISAPPEARANCE RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED SURPRISE!
RANDALL, MEET THE BOY WHO'S GOING TO TAKE THE GAME AWAY FROM YOU - - TOMMY BURKE
BURKE! - BUT I THOUGHT - I -
WHEN SUPERMAN AND RANDALL ARE ALONE
I KNOW ALL THE DIRTY WORK YOU'VE BEEN PULLING! IF YOU DON'T KICK THOSE THUGS OFF THE DALE TEAM, AND RESIGN YOUR POSITION AS COACH, I'LL EXPOSE YOU AFTER THE GAME!
I I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT
LATER - IN THE DALE LOCKER-ROOM
YOU FUMBLING IDIOTS! - BURKE ESCAPED! NOW HE'S GOING TO EXPOSE US ALL AT THE GAME'S CONCLUSION!
OH NO HE WON'T!
THE KNIFE EH?
SPECTATORS CHEER AS OPPOSING TEAMS DASH ONTO THE FIELD
THERE HE IS!
WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL - - THE KNIFE!
THE STARTING GUN BARKS, - DALE KICKS OFF - SUPERMAN RECEIVES AND IS OFF LIKE A SHOT!
BACK IN THE DESERTED HOUSE, BURKE HAS STRUGGLED FREE OF HIS BONDS HE DARTS INTO THE STREET!
TAXI! TO THE FOOTBALL FIELD! AND STEP ON IT!
TAXI

DOWN THE FIELD STREAKS SUPERMAN -- BOWLING OPPOSITION ASIDE LIKE NINE-PINS -- AND SCORES A TOUCHDOWN! THE CROWD GOES WILD!

SUPERMAN ACCEPTS THE NEXT KICK-OFF AND RACES FOR ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN!

IT'S INCREDIBLE! - I'VE ACTUALLY SEEN THE SAME MAN SCORE TWO TOUCHDOWNS IN THE SPACE OF A FEW SECONDS!

BUT SUPERMAN'S TEAM-MATES ARE FAR FROM DELIGHTED

WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS, THE WHOLE TEAM?

WHEN DO WE DO SOMETHING?

WHEN RAY MARTIN SECURES THE NEXT KICK-OFF, SUPERMAN CLEARS THE WAY FOR HIM

ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN!

BAH! WITH HIS RUNNING INTERFERENCE, A TWO YEAR OLD CHILD COULD HAVE CARRIED THE BALL OVER THE GOAL!

DENIED ADMITTANCE AT THE PLAYER'S GATE, THE REAL BURKE ENTERS THE BLEACHERS, AND WITH ASTONISHMENT VIEWS A COUNTERPART OF HIMSELF ON THE FIELD, SCORING GOAL AFTER GOAL!

HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! - I'LL CALL A COP!

BUT AT THAT INSTANT HE HEARS HIS EX-GIRL FRIEND'S VOICE

I WISH YOU'D PAY MORE ATTENTION TO ME

YOU MAY BE A TENNIS CHAMP, BUT COMPARED TO MY TOMMY, YOU'RE A LILLY!

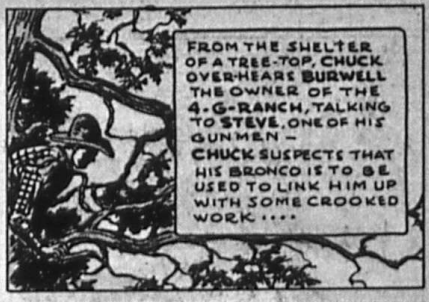
REALIZING THAT HE IS NOW IDOLIZED BY THE CROWD, TOMMY CATCHES THEIR ENTHUSIASM

COME ON, BURKE! - HIT THAT LINE! - TEAR 'EM TO PEICES!

ON THE FIELD – AS A POCKET-KNIFE SNAPS UPON SUPERMAN'S TOUGH SKIN, HE ATTENDS TO HIS TWO ATTACKERS
HERE – TAKE THIS NOTE – MY RESIGNATION – TO DALE UNIVERSITY'S PRESIDENT
AT THE END OF THE HALF, SUPERMAN MEETS BURKE OUTSIDE THE LOCKER – ROOM
QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO EXCHANGE CLOTHS!
I GET IT! I'M TO CARRY ON, NOW!
AS THE SECOND HALF COMMENCES, THE BALL BOUNCES NEAR BURKE – HE CHASES IT ABOUT – AWKWARDLY – DESPERATELY – –
WHEN HE FINALLY SNAGS IT, EVERY PLAYER ON THE FIELD PILES ONTO HIM
LATER – WHEN HE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS
TOMMY YOU WERE WONDERFUL – SPLENDID! BUT YOU MUST PROMISE YOU'LL GIVE UP FOOT-BALL! IT'S TOO BRUTAL!
GIVE UP FOOT-BALL? YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ASK! BUT FOR YOU, I'LL DO IT!
AND HOW!
THE END
"ACQUIRING SUPER-STRENGTH"
WARNING:
WHEN EXERCISING IT IS ALWAYS WELL TO REMEMBER THAT OVERSTRAIN IS DANGEROUS
BE MODERATE IN YOUR EXERTIONS!
YOU MAY FIND LIFTING A HEAVY ARM-CHAIR A DIFFICULT TASK
HOWEVER IF YOU LIFT SMALLER WEIGHTS REGULARLY. . .
. . . AND GRADUALLY INCREASE THE WEIGHT OF THESE OBJECTS. . .
YOU'LL SOON FIND LIFTING A MERE ARMCHAIR A CINCH!

"CHUCK" DAWSON

By H. Fleming


FROM THE SHELTER OF A TREE-TOP, CHUCK OVER-HEARS BURWELL THE OWNER OF THE 4-G-RANCH, TALKING TO STEVE, ONE OF HIS GUNMEN — CHUCK SUSPECTS THAT HIS BRONCO IS TO BE USED TO LINK HIM UP WITH SOME CROOKED WORK....

USING THE UNDERGROWTH FOR COVER, CHUCK FOLLOWS BURWELL AND STEVE — HE WATCHES THEM HEAD FOR THE DANCE-HALL AND ENTER THROUGH THE BACK DOOR

CHUCK BARELY HAS TIME TO CONCEAL HIMSELF BEFORE STEVE COMES ALONG, HEADING FOR THE HORSE'S HIDING PLACE —

CHUCK WATCHES WHILE THE GUNMAN SADDLES AND GETS READY TO MOUNT— THEN HE LEAPS DOWN AND DODGES BACK OF A TREE—
AS STEVE LEAPS INTO THE SADDLE, CHUCK STEPS FROM BEHIND THE TREE— A TWIG SNAPS UNDER HIS BOOT WITH A LOUD REPORT—
WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, THE GUNMAN TURNS IN THE SADDLE AND DRAWS HIS GUN— A BULLET SENDS A SHOWER OF SPLINTERS IN CHUCK'S FACE!
BANG
PUNCH'N THE BREEZE!! BANG YA!
'GUESS I'VE LET THAT LIZARD GO FAR ENOUGH— HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT HE'S GOING BRONCO ON A TRAINED HORSE!
WHI-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I
PUTTING HIS FINGERS BETWEEN HIS TEETH, CHUCK GIVES A SHRILL WHISTLE—
WHEN CHUCK'S HORSE HEARS THE WHISTLE, HE SKIDS TO A STOP AND REARS ON HIS HIND LEGS
CONSARN YUH!
3

CHUCK GRINS AS HE WATCHES THE GUNMAN TRYING TO KEEP HIS STIRRUPS
-R-I-P-
SUDDENLY, THE BURLEY FORM OF THE GUNMAN CATAPULTS FROM THE SADDLE, AS THE INFURIATED ANIMAL BUCKS WITH REDOUBLED EFFORT—
GOOD WORK BLACKY! NOW LET ME HANDLE HIM.
DOG-GONE YUH— I'LL BREAK YUH IN TWO!
AS THE GUNMAN REGAINS HIS BREATH, HE RISES ON ONE KNEE WHEN HE SEES CHUCK CHARGING FULL AT HIM—
BLAST YUH!
CRACK
GET UP ON YOUR FEET OR I'LL CRACK YOUR YELLOW SPINE—

GET GOING - THE NEXT TIME YOU CROSS MY TRAIL I'LL RAN YOUR CARCASS WITH LEAD-
THEY'LL BE AFTER US IN JIG-TIME NOW, BLACKY - WE'D BETTER GIT OUT OF HERE -
-SOUNDS LIKE RIDERS COMING NOW -
IN THE MEAN-TIME, THE SHERIFF, PASSING BY THE SHED, HEARS TRIGGER AND BUTCH SHOUTING FOR HELP -
WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN HERE?
CHUCK DAWSON GOT THE DROP ON US, SHERIFF - HE HEADED FER THE ARROYO FER HIS HOSS!
COME ON, NOW, GET MOUNTED - WE'LL GET ON HIS TRAIL
WE'LL CIRCLE AROUND AND CUT 'IM OFF IF HE'S HEADIN' NORTH
COME ON BLACKY SHOVE REAL ESTATE BEHIND YOU - WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THOSE HILLS -
ONE OF THEM IS THE SHERIFF
AS THE DRUM OF HOOF-BEATS BECOMES MORE DISTINCT, CHUCK CROUCHES LOW IN HIS SADDLE AND HEADS FOR THE MOUNTAINS -

THE SHERIFF, TRIGGER AND BUTCH GET A GLIMPSE OF CHUCK AS HE MAKES HIS WAY UP THE ROUGH MOUNTAIN TRAIL
SHERIFF, WE'D BETTER HIDE THE HOSSES AN' TRAIL THAT SIDE-WINDER ON FOOT
LISTEN, WE GOT HIM BOTTLED UP - HE'S CUT OFF ON ONE SIDE BY THE GORGE - ALL WE GOT TO DO IS, SPREAD OUT -
MEANWHILE
LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO MAKE MY HEADQUARTERS UP HERE, FOR A WHILE.
THIS SEEMS TO BE A PRETTY GOOD PLACE TO HOLD OFF THOSE COYOTES IF THEY'RE STILL TRAILING ME.
WHEN THE TRAIL GETS TOO STEEP FOR RIDING, CHUCK DISMOUNTS AND LEADS HIS HORSE -
HELLO! THEY'VE LEFT THEIR HORSES DOWN THERE - ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS TO LOWER MYSELF DOWN AND STAMPEDE 'EM - THAT OUGHT TO DRAG THOSE GENTS OFF OF MY TRAIL PRONTO -
I'LL GET MY ROPE -
THEY WON'T BE EXPECTING ANY THING FROM THIS QUARTER - THEY'LL BE MADDER THAN A POKED PORCUPINE
5

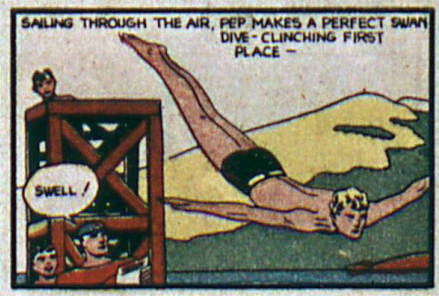
IT WON'T BE HARD TO GET THOSE BROOM-TAILS ON THE RUN - THEY'RE SPOOKY, ALREADY
WHOA! WAIT TILL I CUT YOU LOOSE - THEN YOU CAN GO AS FAST AS YOU LIKE
Y-I-P-P-E-E-E-
IT'S HIGH TIME I WAS SWINGING UP THAT ROPE AGAIN GEE! LOOK AT THOSE BRONCOS RUN —
MEAN WHILE, THE SHERIFF HEARS THE DRUMMING OF HOOFS. THEN HE SEES THE HORSES DASHING AWAY
HEY, TRIGGER - BUTCH! THE HORSES!
THE SHERIFF, TRIGGER AND BUTCH RUSH PELL-MELL AFTER THEIR HORSES - SUDDENLY, BUTCH STOPS AND POINTS TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFF
HEY, LOOK AT THAT ROPE!
CONTINUED

PEP MORGAN

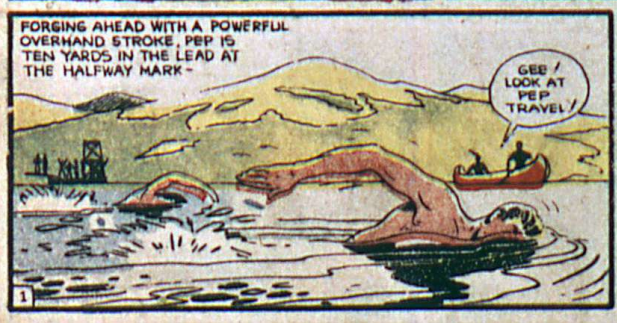
THE ALL-STAR ATHLETE

BY GENE BAXTER

PEP HAS BEEN INVITED TO COMPETE IN A SWIMMING MEET ON THE CLOSING DAY OF CAMP INDIAN HEAD - TIED FOR THE LEAD IN THE HIGH DIVE HE PREPARES FOR THE FINAL PLUNGE
COME ON PEP THIS ONE DECIDES THE WINNER-MAKE IT YOUR BEST!
I'LL DO MY DARNDEST, CHARLEY!



PEP RECEIVES FIRST PRIZE FROM THE JUDGES AS THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY IS ANNOUNCED - HE HAS BEEN ENTERED -
THANKS FELLOWS - HOPE MY LUCK HOLDS IN THE 400!
ALL OUT FOR THE 400 YARD FREESTYLE RACE - THE FINAL EVENT OF THE DAY!

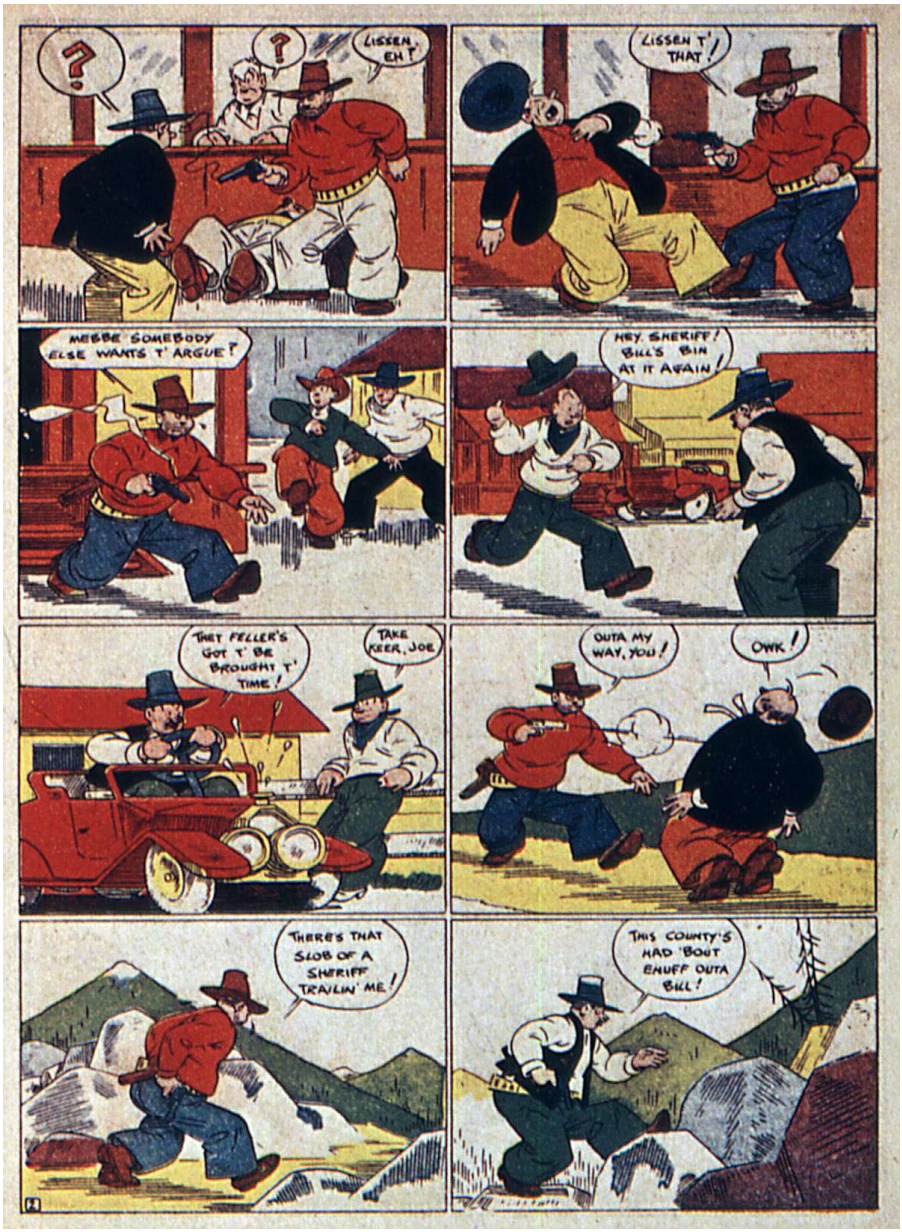


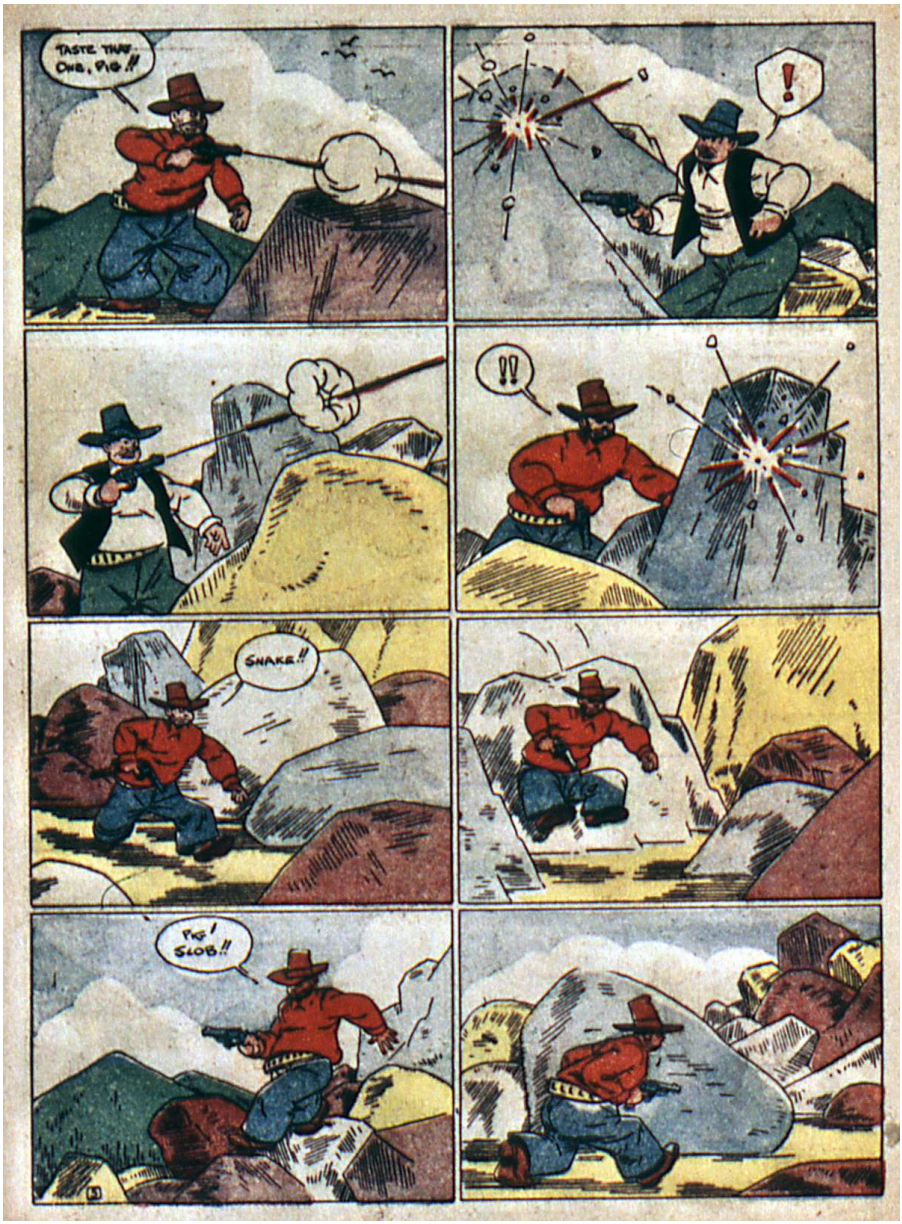
ABANDONING THE RACE, PEP SPEEDS TO HIS SIDE - REACHES HIM AS HE IS GOING DOWN /
THE OTHER CONTESTANTS FINISH THE RACE UNAWARE OF ANY TROUBLE
SUPPORTING THE STRICKEN LAD WITH HIS ARM, PEP TOWS HIM TO SAFETY -
FINE WORK, PEP HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT - TOO BAD YOU HAD TO LOSE THE RACE AFTER HAVING SUCH A LEAD /
I'D RATHER LOSE A HUNDRED RACES THAN SEE THAT BOY GO DOWN OUT THERE /
PEP / PEP /
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOBBY ?
JIMMY AND HARRY TOOK THE CANOE OUT AND THEY'RE CAUGHT IN THE RAPIDS /
GOOD LORD PEP IF THEY'RE CARRIED OVER THE FALLS THEY WILL BE SWEPT UNDER /
WITHOUT A MOMENT TO SPARE PEP DASHES TO THE RESCUE -
GET A LONG STRONG ROPE AND FOLLOW ME /
2

TOSSED ABOUT IN THE SWIRLING WATERS JIMMY AND HARRY CROUCH TOGETHER IN THE FRAGILE CRAFT
TRY TO STEER IT OVER TO THIS SIDE!
PEP! HELP!
DESPERATELY THE LITTLE FELLOWS TRY TO FOLLOW HIS ADVICE AS THE CANOE NEARS THE ROARING FALLS
TAKING A LONG CHANCE PEP DIVES INTO THE PLUNGING WATERS!
FIGHTING AGAINST THE POWERFUL CURRENT WHICH THREATENS TO SWEEP HIM OVER THE FALLS PEP SWIMS IN FRONT OF THE ONCOMING CANOE
AS THE CANOE SHOOTS PAST PEP PULLS THE BOYS OUT OF IT
THE EMPTY CANOE WHIRLS OVER THE FALLS TO DISAPPEAR IN THE ROARING WATERS THIRTY FEET BELOW
STRUGGLING DESPERATELY AGAINST THE CURRENT PEP IS UNABLE TO GET NEARER THE SHORE WITH HIS DOUBLE BURDEN FOOT BY FOOT THE FALLS DRAW NEARER
HANG ON FELLOWS WE'LL MAKE IT!

MEANWHILE THE ALARM HAS SPREAD - THE CAMP DIRECTOR RACES TOWARD THE FALLS WITH THE ROPE PEP CALLED FOR —
HERE COMES THE ROPE, PEP!
THE LIFE PRESERVER, ATTACHED TO A STRONG ROPE SAILS OUT OVER THE WATER!
ALMOST EXHAUSTED FROM HIS STRUGGLE, PEP GRASPS THE PRESERVER AND PLACES IT AROUND HIS WAIST-HOLDING THE TWO BOYS IN HIS POWERFUL ARMS, HE IS SLOWLY TOWED TOWARD THE SHORE
STILL HOLDING THE TWO YOUNGSTERS, PEP DANGLES IN MID-AIR, AS HE IS LIFTED FROM THE SWIRLING RAPIDS TO SAFETY ON THE PRECIPICE ABOVE
EAGER HANDS TAKE THE TERRIFIED BOYS FROM HIS TIRED ARMS.
THAT'S THEIR FATHER - HE CAME UP TO TAKE THEM HOME TO-DAY.
I CAN NEVER THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR THIS - THEY'RE ALL I HAVE!
FORGET IT, SAY - THE NEXT TIME YOU FELLOWS GO CANOING ALONE, YOU'D BETTER TAKE A BIG ANCHOR WITH YOU!
—THE END—
4

BAD BILL
THE MENACE OF THE HILLS
BY ALGER
WHOA, NOW! THET STRANGER HAINT DONE NOTHIN' T' YOU!
BUT I DON' LIKE HIS MAP!
NIX, NIX, BILL!
SHUT YER TRAP OR I'LL DRILL YOU!
WOT'S EATIN' ON YUH, FRIEND?
THIS TOWN'LL LOOK BETTER WITHOUT YOUR MUG! GIT OUT!
AIN'T YOU SORTA JUMPIN' T' CONCLUSIONS?
I ALLUS JUMP T CONCLUSIONS!
YOUR BLUFF DON'T GO WITH ME!
BLUFF EH?
BILL PLUGGED 'IM!
LISSEN, BILL!


?
?
LISSEN, EH?
LISSEN T' THAT!
MEBBE SOMEBODY ELSE WANTS T' ARGUE?
HEY, SHERIFF! BILL'S BIN AT IT AGAIN!
THET FELLER'S GOT T' BE BROUGHT T' TIME!
TAKE KEER, JOE.
OUTA MY WAY, YOU!
OWK!
THERE'S THAT SLOB OF A SHERIFF TRAILIN' ME!
THIS COUNTY'S HAD 'BOUT ENUFF OUTA BILL!


TASTE THAT ONE, PIG!!
!
!!
SNAKE!!
PIG! SLOB!!

?
?
THE SILENCE MEANS HE'S SHIFTIN' POSITION!
CRUNCH!
DROP THAT GUN!
YOUR AIM AT ME WAS GOOD BUT MY BULLET-PROOF VEST WAS BETTER!

The ADVENTURES of

MARCO POLO

ILLUSTRATED by SVEN ELVÉN

MARCO AND NIKU OUT HUNTING ARE CAUGHT IN A VIOLENT DUST STORM.

COVERING THEIR FACES THEY CRAWL BACK IN SLOW STAGES TO THE CARAVAN.

REACHING CAMP THE TWO MEN, EXHAUSTED DROP DOWN FOR PROTECTION BEHIND THE ALREADY HALF BURIED CAMELS.

AT LAST THE WIND SUBSIDES; CAMELS AND MEN ALIKE SHAKE OFF THE SHARP, PENETRATING SAND.

THAT WAS A TERRIBLE STORM AND LUCKY WERE YOU TWO TO RETURN IN SAFETY. BUT LOOK! WHAT CHANGES THIS STORM HAS WROUGHT.

TO THEIR AMAZEMENT THE WHOLE LANDSCAPE HAS CHANGED CHARACTER.

LO! WHAT THIS MORNING WAS A FLAT PLAIN IS NOW A MASS OF HILLS.

YES, AND WERE WE BURIED UNDER ONE OF THOSE MOUNDS AS I FEARED WE MIGHT ALL BE, ALL WOULD NOW BE OVER

THE CAMELS ARE FED AND REPACKED FOR THE JOURNEY.
IT WOULD BE NICE TO FIND A SPRING OF COOL FRESH WATER.
YES, WE'RE GETTING LOW ON IT. MINE TOO IS WARM AND TASTELESS.
BUT LOOK! OUR WISH HAS COME TRUE, A STREAM. THERE WILL BE WATER ENOUGH FOR ALL.
GREEDILY THE ANIMALS DRINK AND ALL WATER VESSELS ARE FILLED.
I'M GOING IN FOR A DIP, WANT TO COME ALONG, FATHER?
FINE. THAT'S JUST WHAT I WILL DO TOO!
A HOLIDAY IS CALLED, WHILE ALL WHO SO WISH, SPLASH ABOUT IN THE STREAM.
COME, UNCLE, I'LL RACE YOU TO THE FALLEN TREE, YONDER
ALL RIGHT MARCO, BUT BE PREPARED TO BE TRIMMED HANDSOMELY
UNCLE MAFFEO, AN EXCELLENT SWIMMER IS BEATEN BY A BARE TEN INCHES.
YOU ARE A BETTER SWIMMER THAN I THOUGHT, MARCO.
FINE, AND I BET A HUNGRIER ONE TOO. LET'S EAT, UNCLE MAFFEO.

CLEAN AND INVIGORATED ALL EAT HEARTILY, ENJOYING FRESH FRUIT AND GAME.

THEY MAKE CAMP AND REST PEACEFULLY TILL MORNING.

TRAVELING THRU A FOREST LANE, THE AIR IS RENT BY AN AGONIZED SHRIEK. THE CARAVAN STOPS DEAD.

QUICKLY THE POLO'S RUSH IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SOUND.

PARTING THE LEAVES OF A DENSE THICKET THEY SEE - - -

A PYTHON, WITH TWO COILS WRAPPED AROUND THE BODY OF A LIONESS.

SAVAGELY THE BEAST SNAPS AT ITS TORMENTOR.

STRUGGLING DESPERATELY, CLAWING, BITING, THE LIONESS FREES HERSELF.

THE BIG SNAKE RECOILS AS THE LIONESS STANDS AT BAY.
QUICK AS A FLASH THE SERPENT STRIKES AGAIN. ONE, TWO, THREE COILS ENCIRCLE THE LUCKLESS CAT.
THERE IS A DEEP ROAR AS HER MATE HEARING HER CRY RUSHES FORTH UPON THE REPTILE.
QUICKLY THE SNAKE UNCOILS AND ATTACKS THE NEWCOMER.
FIERCELY THE LION FLIES AT THE SLIMY CREATURE--
RIPPING, TEARING THE SLIPPERY SKIN. THE PYTHON WINDS AROUND THE LION'S LEG.
WITH AN INFURIATED SNARL THE LION SPRINGS FREE. THE SNAKE MAKES NO MOVE, THEN SUDDENLY IT TURNS--
AND OPEN MOUTHED, SLITHERS DIRECTLY FOR THE POLO'S.
CONT'D

LEGION LOYALTY

By

Captain Frank Thomas

THE withering rays of the African sun beat fiercely down on him as he lay there. Rising waves of heat from the burning sands twisted and distorted every object before his eyes and streams of perspiration ran freely but uncomfortably down his deeply tanned face.

Corporal Cliff Bedford moistened his parched lips and slowly crawled toward the top of the rock-covered mound. Tiny rivulets of hot sand seeped in through the openings of his Legion uniform and trickled down his chest. "I feel like a fried egg . . . if I stay here a few more hours I'll probably look like a scorched pancake!"

He reached the crest of the small hill and raised his head above one of the boulders.

From this vantage point he was offered a clean sweep of the desert plain. The white, pink and cream-colored walls and minarets of Sheikh Ali Kasha's stronghold rose from the floor of the baked valley amid a cluster of palms. Beyond and extending to the horizon were the shimmering foothills of the Mountains of the Moon, purple and mysterious looking in the afternoon haze.

It would be foolhardy to attempt approaching the desert city any closer, Cliff thought. The cruel and cunning Ali Kasha had guards stationed on all sides to prevent any surprise attack. Here in the wild and desolate vastness of French Morocco the powerful Arab chieftain was supreme lord and master. His army and followers, fierce fighting men recruited from the roaming bands of natives, totaled several thousand and were the curse and scourge of Northern Africa.

Time and again the French Legion marched into the desert to corral Kasha but each expedition met with failure and disaster. On this last attempt fifteen men were killed and three were taken captive, a fate oftentimes more horrible than death itself. And one of the three had been Sandy Logan, the freckleface companion and side-kick of Corporal Bedford's.

Grimly, the thought of the torture that might be inflicted upon Logan and the others flashed through Cliff's mind and he gripped the stock of his rifle fiercely. He had requested and obtained permission to make a one-man attempt to rescue his friend and companions and he *couldn't* fail. He had wormed his way into this forbidden territory without being detected and here he was within striking distance of Ali Kasha's fortified city.

Throughout the long afternoon, Bedford remained motionless behind the protecting rocks waiting for nightfall—before advancing any farther. The flaming ball of sun traveled across the heavens and sank beneath the western horizon. Long shadows flung themselves across the valley and the deep blue of the sky changed to a velvety purple. The stars continued their eternal twinkling and from the walled city, pin-points of light stabbed through the increasing gloom.

CLIFF roused himself, stretching his stiffened arms and legs. He took off the sun helmet and discarded the Legion uniform, and from a bundle by his side he donned the flowing garments and head-gear of the native Arabs. Then cautiously he made his way down the sloping hill toward the stronghold.

Two armed Arabs guarded one of the many entrances to the walled city and they glanced suspiciously at Bedford as he approached them. He had been careful to cover the lower half of his face (a custom the natives adopted to protect their countenances from the heat of the day) and only his brown cheek-bones and squinting eyes were visible to the scrutinizing looks of the Arabs.

Fortunately, Cliff could speak the native dialects fluently and he mumbled something about the ill-fortune that had dogged his footsteps the entire day, culminating in the loss of his camel. The guards lowered their rifles and waved him through the arched entrance.

"Well, I've passed the first test successfully!" he muttered to himself.

Narrow, winding streets greeted Bedford's eyes and he made his way through the crowds of natives towards a towering pink building rising, like a giant mushroom, above the others.

He reached the main door of the structure but several scowling guards refused to admit him and

thrust him back into the moving mass of Arabs. This was certainly Ali Kasha's palace, he thought; but how was he going to get in.

Circling the building, he came to the far end of one of its many wings. Directly above his head was a small balcony and a thick, gnarled vine, crawling along the wall, came within two feet of the balustrade.

He glanced up the narrow, alley like street toward the main avenue and when no one was looking, leaped on the vine and swiftly climbed to the overhanging balcony. He scaled the balustrade and sank into the deep shadows of the archway. A heavy curtain covered the entrance, and pulling this aside he stepped into a thickly-carpeted room faintly lighted by a flickering oil lamp.

A sound, coming from a curtained doorway across the room, caused him to slink behind a marble column in one of the corners. Silently two Arabs entered the room and strode over to the balcony.

"These Legionnaires are brave men but they are also very stubborn fools!" one of them said, as Bedford held his breath when the word Legion was mentioned. "It would be very simple for them to tell when the gold shipment is to be made but they refuse . . . even when they are 'persuaded' to do so!"

Cliff gritted his teeth when he heard this; the native method of "*persuasion*" was fiendish torture!

"By the beard of the Prophet!" the speaker cried, swinging about to his companion, "I have played with them much too long and I grow tired of it. Tomorrow those foreign dogs will learn to respect Sheikh Ali Kasha, for in the morning I will have them lashed a thousand times and stake their bleeding bodies in the sun till they plead with me for mercy and death! These are my orders!"

"They shall be fulfilled, O Illustrious One!" the other native replied, and bowing, he turned and left the room.

"SO here I am with the elusive Ali Kasha himself!" Bedford said to himself and from the folds of his garment he produced a gleaming automatic. Stealthily he crossed the heavy carpet and stood directly in back of the Sheikh.

"One sound from you and you're a dead man, Ali Kasha!" Bedford hissed in the Sheikh's ear and pressed the nose of the automatic against his back. But the Arab chieftain swung around and pulled a glittering dagger from the sash about his waist.

"Brother, you're asking for it!" gritted Cliff, seeing the knife. He sent his fist crashing against Kasha's jaw and the Arab sank to the carpet, unconscious.

Bedford made quick work of binding and gagging the Sheikh securely. Then taking a huge ruby ring from the hand of the Chieftain, he hurried down the long corridor to an open courtyard. Here he met two enormous Nubian guards and before they had the opportunity to ask questions, showed them the Sheikh's ring.

"The Son of Heaven, Sheikh Ali Kasha commands that the foreign devils be released to me till the hour of their death in the morning!" Bedford spoke with authority in his voice and the Nubians, bowing low as they gazed upon the ring, turned and led him down many passages to the dank cells where the captive Legionnaires awaited their fate.

Bedford was amazed at the awe shown by the Arab soldiers when he flashed the ring and ten minutes later he and the three Legionaires, mounted on racing camels, passed beneath the arched entrance of the desert stronghold and set out across the sands towards the north.

Sandy Logan reached out and grasped Bedford's hand. "How in heaven's name did you ever do it?"

"Now that you ask me, I'm sure I can't tell you," Cliff replied. "Only I do know that sometime this week you and I and the rest of the Legion are going to march against the Illustrious Ali Kasha and wipe him clean off the face of French Morocco. But we'd better get these camels moving along before they discover how ungraciously I left the great Sheikh."

They raced over the crest of a rocky hill and disappeared into the blackness of the African night.

THE END

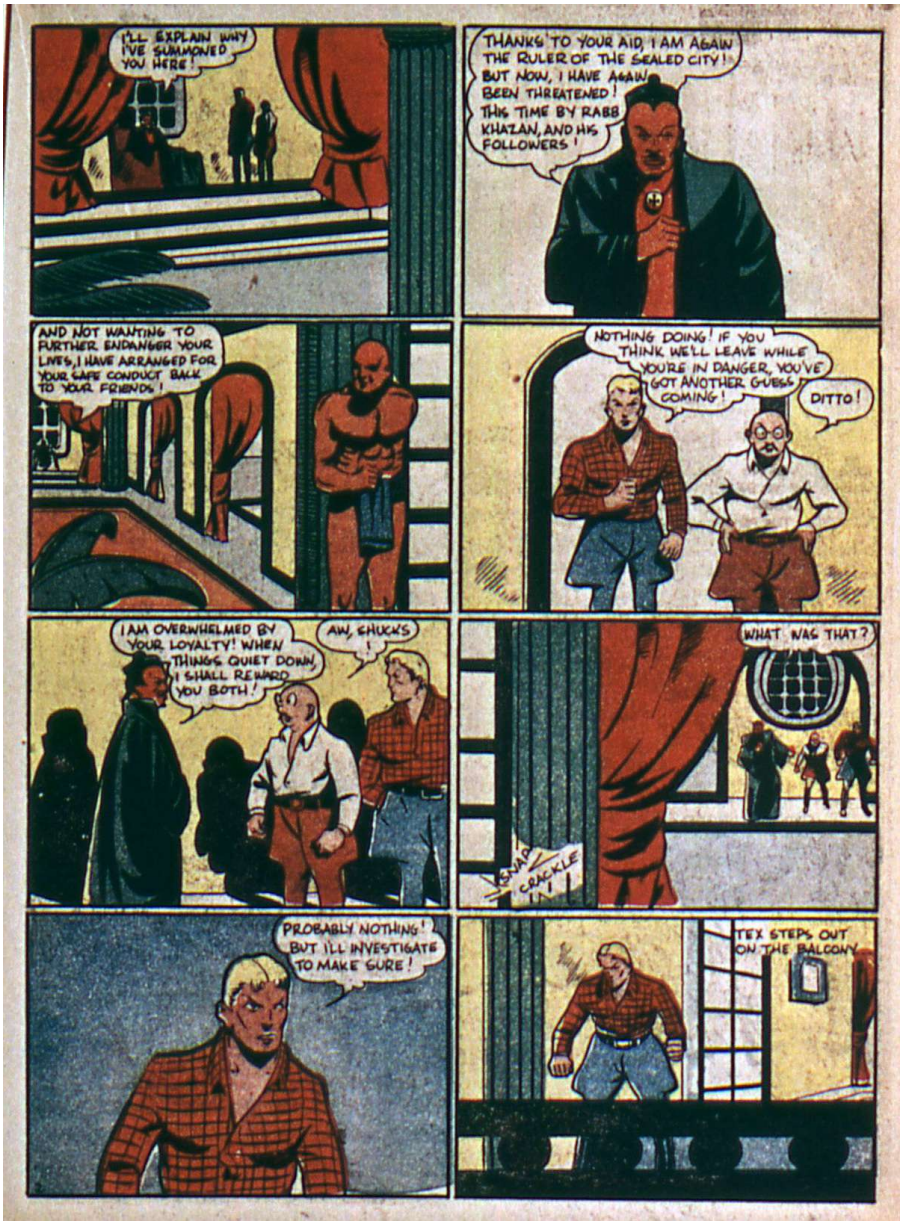
TEX THOMSON

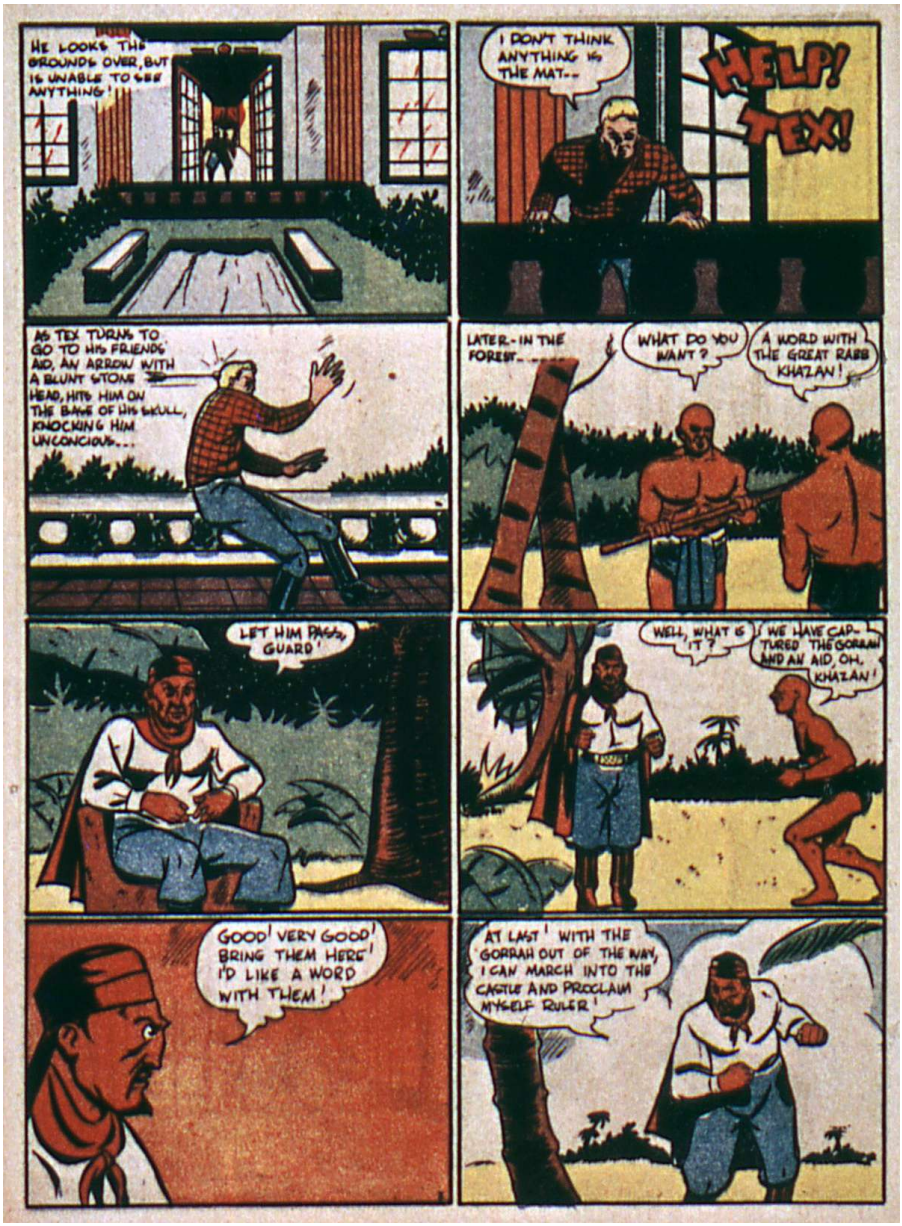
BY BERNARD BAILY

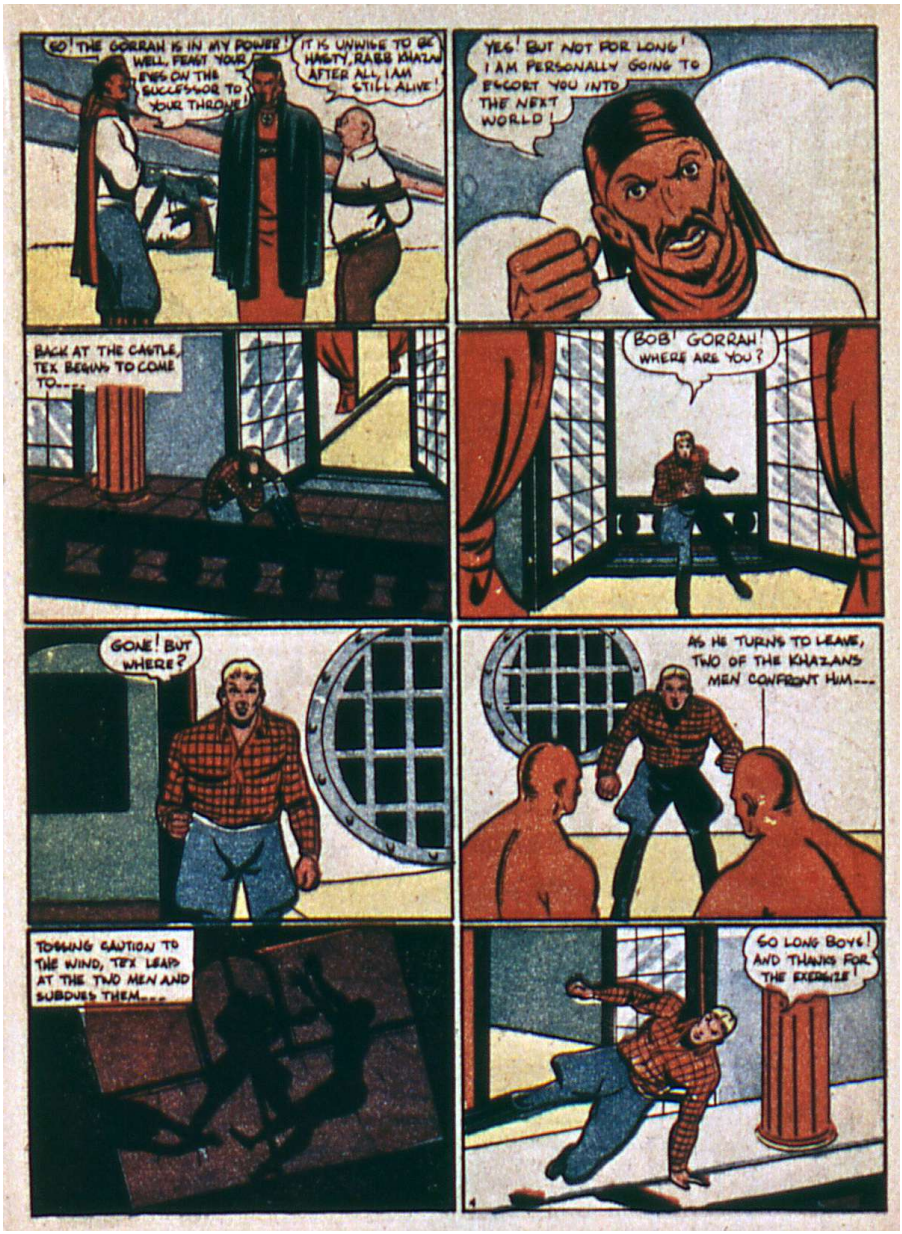
...SYNOPSIS...

AFTER INVITING TEX THOMSON AND HIS FRIEND, BOB DALEY, TO HIS CASTLE, THE GORRAH TRIES TO DISPOSE OF THEM; BUT THEY MANAGE TO ESCAPE!

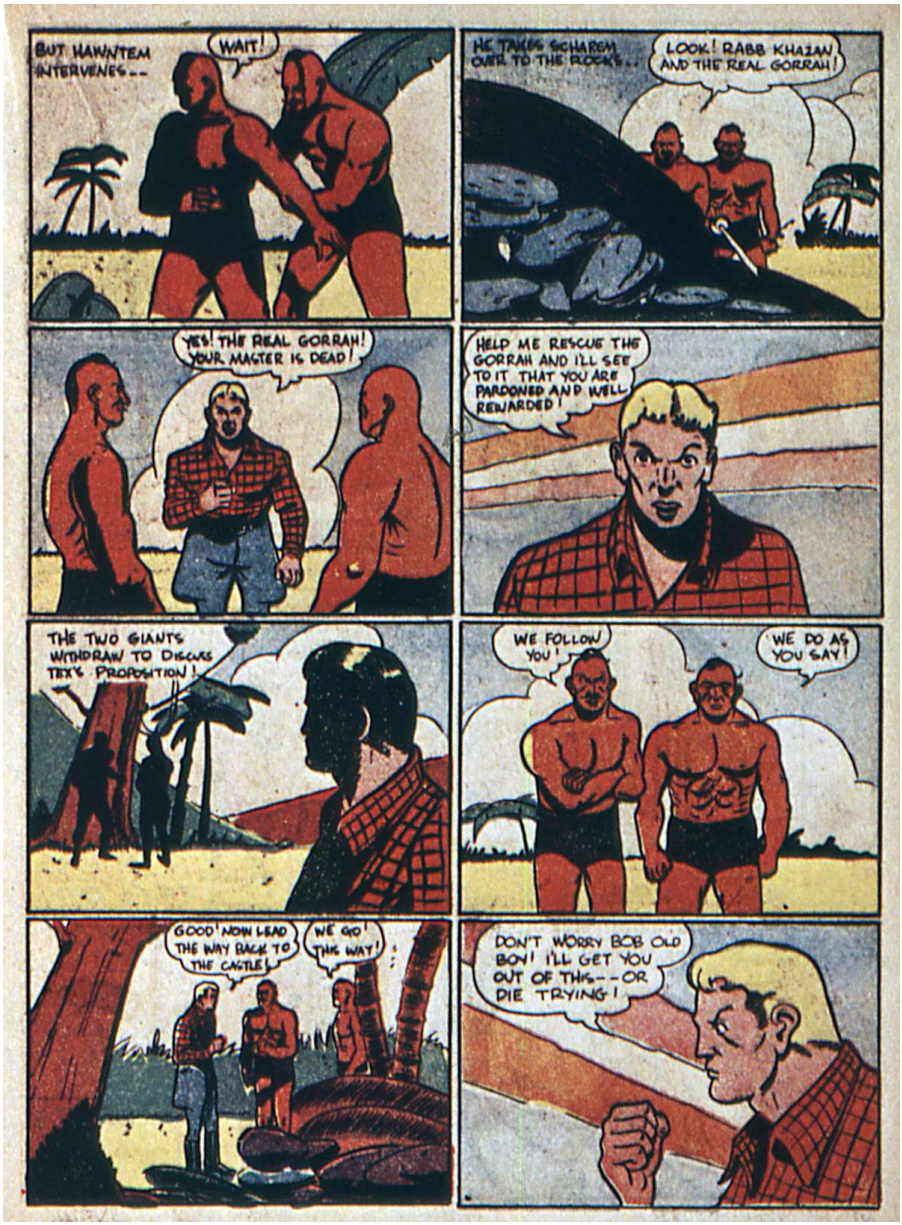
WHILE WANDERING THROUGH THE WOODS, LOOKING FOR A WAY OUT, TEX AND BOB RESCUE A MAN FROM BEING TORTURED TO DEATH! THE MAN TURNS OUT TO BE THE REAL GORRAH OF THE SEALED CITY. TOGETHER THEY DISPOSE OF SCHAREM AND HANNITEM, THE PRETENDER'S SERVANTS, AND RETURN TO THE CASTLE. THERE THE REAL GORRAH AND THE PRETENDER MEET! A BATTLE ENSUES - AND THE PRETENDER DIES BY HIS OWN HAND! LATER IN THE CASTLE...


I'LL EXPLAIN WHY I'VE SUMMONED YOU HERE!
THANKS TO YOUR AID, I AM AGAIN THE RULER OF THE SEALED CITY! BUT NOW, I HAVE AGAIN BEEN THREATENED! THIS TIME BY RABB KHAZAN, AND HIS FOLLOWERS!
AND NOT WANTING TO FURTHER ENDANGER YOUR LIVES, I HAVE ARRANGED FOR YOUR SAFE CONDUCT BACK TO YOUR FRIENDS!
NOTHING DOING! IF YOU THINK WE'LL LEAVE WHILE YOU'RE IN DANGER, YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER GUESS COMING!
DITTO!
I AM OVERWHELMED BY YOUR LOYALTY! WHEN THINGS QUIET DOWN, I SHALL REWARD YOU BOTH!
AW, SHUCKS!
WHAT WAS THAT?
KRAK CRNKLE
PROBABLY NOTHING! BUT I'LL INVESTIGATE TO MAKE SURE!
TEX STEPS OUT ON THE BALCONY


HE LOOKS THE GROUNDS OVER, BUT IS UNABLE TO SEE ANYTHING!
I DON'T THINK ANYTHING IS THE MAT--
HELP! TEX!
AS TEX TURNS TO GO TO HIS FRIENDS' AID, AN ARROW WITH A BLUNT STONE HEAD, HITS HIM ON THE BASE OF HIS SKULL, KNOCKING HIM UNCONCIOUS...
LATER--IN THE FOREST--
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
A WORD WITH THE GREAT RABB KHAZAN!
LET HIM PASS, GUARD!
WELL, WHAT IS IT?
WE HAVE CAPTURED THE GORRAH AND AN AID, OH, KHAZAN!
GOOD! VERY GOOD! BRING THEM HERE! I'D LIKE A WORD WITH THEM!
AT LAST! WITH THE GORRAH OUT OF THE WAY, I CAN MARCH INTO THE CASTLE AND PROCLAIM MYSELF RULER!


SO! THE GORRAH IS IN MY POWER! WELL, FEAST YOUR EYES ON THE SUCCESSOR TO YOUR THRONE!
IT IS UNWISE TO BE HASTY, RABB KHAZAN AFTER ALL, I AM STILL ALIVE!
YES! BUT NOT FOR LONG! I AM PERSONALLY GOING TO ESCORT YOU INTO THE NEXT WORLD!
BACK AT THE CASTLE, TEX BEGINS TO COME TO---
BOB! GORRAH! WHERE ARE YOU?
GONE! BUT WHERE?
AS HE TURNS TO LEAVE, TWO OF THE KHAZANS MEN CONFRONT HIM---
TOSSING CAUTION TO THE WIND, TEX LEAPS AT THE TWO MEN AND SUBDUES THEM---
SO LONG BOYS! AND THANKS FOR THE EXERCISE!

NOT KNOWING WHERE TO BEGIN HIS SEARCH, TEX DECIDES TO TRUST TO LUCK...
THE SOUND OF VOICES COMES TO HIS EARS...
VOICES! COMING FROM BEHIND THOSE ROCKS! I WONDER....
CREEPING UP BEHIND THE ROCKS, TEX SEES HIS FRIENDS...
SO THAT'S THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS! WELL, WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT!
BUT ANOTHER OBSTACLE PRESENTS ITSELF... AS TEX LEAPS DOWN FROM THE ROCK, HE SEES...
SCHAREM AND HAWNTEM!
I KILL YOU NOW!


BUT HAWATEM INTERVENES...
WAIT!
HE TAKES SCHAREH OVER TO THE ROCKS...
LOOK! RABB KHAIAN AND THE REAL GORRAH!
YES! THE REAL GORRAH! YOUR MASTER IS DEAD!
HELP ME RESCUE THE GORRAH AND I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU ARE PARDONED AND WELL REWARDED!
THE TWO GIANTS WITHDRAW TO DISCUSS TEX'S PROPOSITION!
WE FOLLOW YOU!
WE DO AS YOU SAY!
GOOD! NOW LEAD THE WAY BACK TO THE CASTLE!
WE GO THE WAY!
DON'T WORRY BOB OLD BOY! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS--OR DIE TRYING!

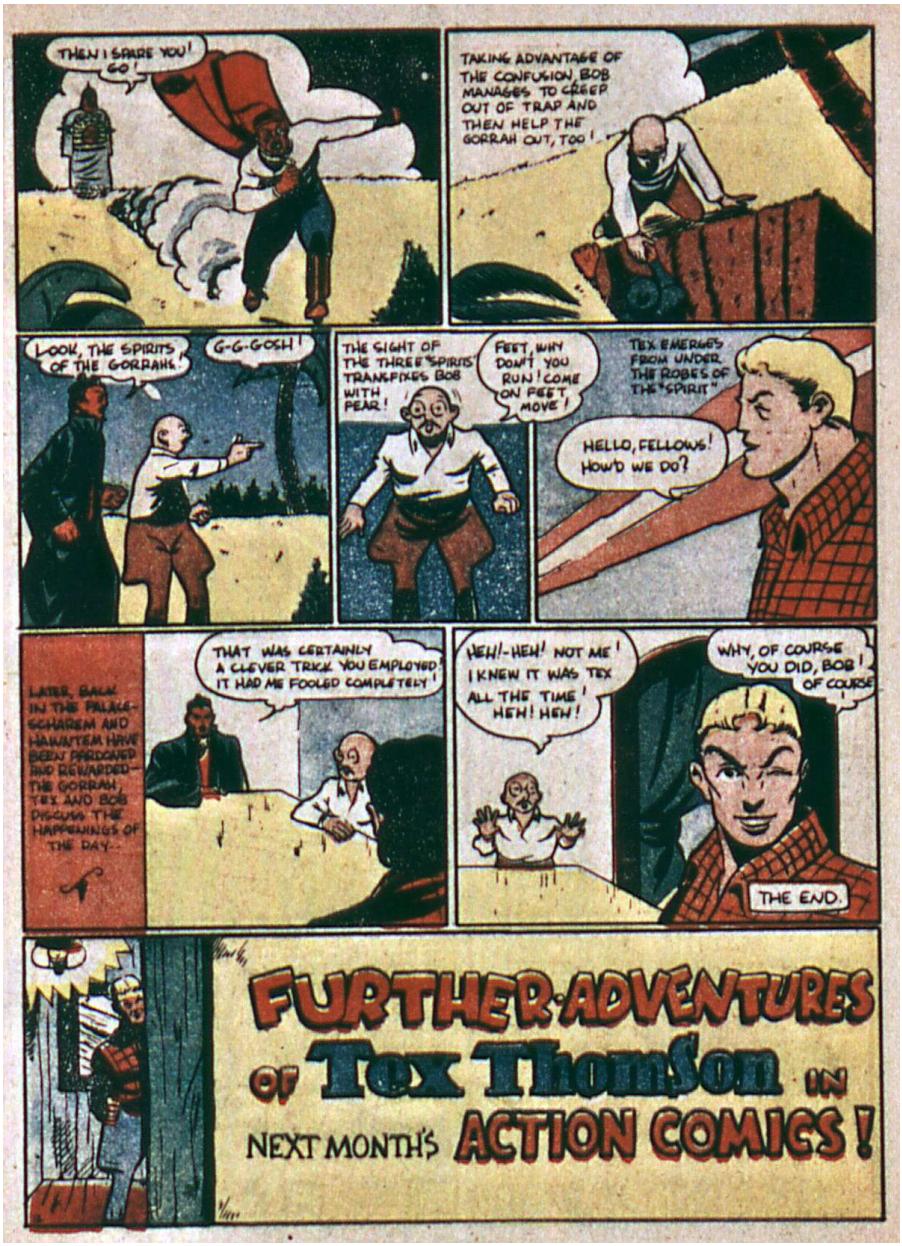
AS TEX AND THE TWO GIANTS HEAD BACK TO THE CASTLE, THE KHAIAN ORDERS A SLAVE TO PULL OPEN A HIDDEN DOOR...
THE GORRAH AND BOB ARE ORDERED TO DESCEND...
AND NOW MY FRIENDS - I WILL PERSONALLY GUIDE YOU THROUGH MY UNDERGROUND DOMAIN!
HERE YOU SEE A TOY I USE ONLY ON PEOPLE I DISLIKE! I HAVE THEM PLACED ON THE ALTER - THE CORD IS RELEASED, THE REMAINS ARE FED TO THE DOGS!
HERE, A PERSON IS TIED IN THIS CHAIR - THEN AS THE SUNS RAYS ENTER THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE WALL, THEY ALSO PASS THROUGH THIS GIANT MAGNIFYING GLASS - THEN ONTO THE PERSON IN THE CHAIR, WHO SLOWLY BAKES TO A CRISP!
SAY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SHOWING THESE THINGS TO US! WE'RE NOT INTERESTED!
BUT YOU SHOULD BE! THEY'RE GOING TO BE USED ON YOU!
HUH?
OOOOF-
FLOP!

BAH! THE WEAK LIVERED COWARD!
GUARD! LOCK THEM IN! WE'LL CONTINUE LATER!
WHAT HAPPENED?
YOUR FAINTING HAS SAVED US— TEMPORARILY!
WHAT'S WRONG INSIDE?
SAY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! TELL HIM I'M DYING! TELL HIM ANYTHING—BUT GET HIM IN HERE!
AS YOU WISH! BUT DO NOT RISK YOURSELF UNECESSARILY!
HELP! GUARD! COME QUICK! MY FRIEND IS HURT!
RIGHT HERE! AGAINST THE WALL!
THEN AS THE GUARD ENTERS—BOB LEAPS...
WHEE!

TOGETHER THEY MANAGE TO SUBDUE THE GUARD. THEN WITH THE AID OF THE GUARD'S KNIFE THEY MANAGE TO SEVER THEIR BONDS...
COME ON, GORRAH, OLD BOY! LET'S GO!
IT IS ADVISABLE TO PROCEED CAUTIOUSLY! FOLLOW ME!
ALL IS CLEAR! COME AHEAD!
DO YOU THINK WE'LL MAKE IT?
IF THE GODS ARE WITH US, WE WILL!
AFTER HIDING AND DODGING THEY MANAGE TO COME TO THE LAST OUTPOST OF RABB KHAZAN'S GUARD PATROL...
WAITING FOR AN OPPORTUNITY, THEY RUN FOR THE SHELTER OF THE WOODS...
SNIFF! AH! IT'S GOOD TO SMELL CLEAN AIR AGAIN!
BUT THEIR LIBERTY IS SHORT-LIVED AS THEY WALK, THEY FAIL TO SEE A WOODEN TRAP DOOR LYING DIRECTLY IN THEIR PATH!
UNSUSPECTINGLY, THEY STEP ON IT.. AND...

BACK AT THE PALACE...
WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT! HURRY AND FIND IT! EVERY SECOND COUNTS!
COME ON, YOU MEN! HURRY IT UP!
WE HAVE EVERYTHING NOW!
GOOD! NOW LETS GO!
HO'HO! SO YOU'D TRY TO ESCAPE WOULD YOU!
HM! NOW THAT YOU'RE BOTH DOWN THERE, I THINK I'LL HAVE THE DOOR SEALED AND LET YOU SLOWLY SUFFOCATE TO DEATH!
YOU SEE, YOU'VE ACTUALLY SEALED YOUR OWN DOOM!
RABB KHAZAN! LOOK! LOOK!
FROM OVER THE HILL THREE GROTESQUE FIGURES APPEAR!

RABB KHAZAN IS RENDERED SPEECHLESS AT THE SIGHT!
THE SPIRITS OF THE DEPARTED GORRAHS!
IT IS! IT IS THE SPIRITS OF THE GORRAHS!
SUDDENLY THE "SPIRITS" START CHASING THE STARTLED FOLLOWERS OF RABB KHAZAN; BUT NONE OF THEM NOTICE THE UP-TO-DATE BOOTS ON THE "SPIRITS" FEET!
HALT!
SPARE ME, OH GREAT SPIRIT!
IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO HARM THE GORRAH AND PROMISE TO BE FAITHFUL TO HIS RULE, YOU WILL BE SPARED!
I PROMISE! I PROMISE! I WILL BE FAITHFUL TO THE GORRAH!


THEN I SPARE YOU! GO!
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION, BOB MANAGES TO CREEP OUT OF TRAP AND THEN HELP THE GORRAH OUT, TOO!
LOOK, THE SPIRITS OF THE GORRAHS!
G-G-GOSH!
THE SIGHT OF THE THREE SPIRITS TRANSFIXES BOB WITH FEAR!
FEET, WHY DON'T YOU RUN! COME ON FEET, MOVE!
TEX EMERGES FROM UNDER THE ROBES OF THE "SPIRIT"
HELLO, FELLOWS! HOW'D WE DO?
LATER, BACK IN THE PALACE-SCHAREM AND HAWAITEM HAVE BEEN PARDONED AND REWARDED—THE GORRAH, TEX AND BOB DISCUSS THE HAPPENINGS OF THE DAY—
THAT WAS CERTAINLY A CLEVER TRICK YOU EMPLOYED! IT HAD ME FOOLED COMPLETELY!
HEH!-HEH! NOT ME! I KNEW IT WAS TEX ALL THE TIME! HEH! HEH!
WHY, OF COURSE YOU DID, BOB! OF COURSE
THE END.
FURTHER ADVENTURES OF Tex Thomson IN NEXT MONTH'S ACTION COMICS!

SCOOP SCANLON
FIVE STAR REPORTER
by Will Ely
CRASH!
HOLY SMOKES! DUCK EVERYBODY!! IT'S A BOMB!!!
LET ME OUT!
A MOMENT LATER THERE IS A DEAFENING ROAR———
BOOM!
AND THE MAIN OFFICE OF THE "BULLETIN" IS A MASS OF SMOKING RUINS———
DID EVERYBODY GET OUT—
YES, BUT SOME ARE PRETTY BADLY HURT—
GET THE HOSPITAL!! GET THE POLICE— SOMEBODY'S GOING TO PAY FOR THIS!

STOP THE PRESSES! TEAR UP THE FRONT PAGE! TAKE THIS——
NOW WHO IN BLAZES COULD HAVE DONE THAT, SCOOP?
I'VE GOT A FAINT IDEA BUT——I DON'T KNOW——
WELL SPILL IT—— WHAT DO YOU THINK?
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE AND LET THEM CLEAN UP——
REMEMBER THAT, BRADY, THAT WAS RUNNING FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY——
YEAH THE BIRD WE EXPOSED AS A CROOK AND A DIRTY SO-AND SO——
THAT'S HIM—IT'S MY GUESS THAT HE JUST MIGHT HAVE FRIENDS ON THE OUTSIDE WHO'D HELP HIM SETTLE HIS SCORE WITH US——
HE HAD A DIRTY CREW, BUT WE NEVER COULD LAY HANDS ON THEM——
WELL I THINK I CAN FIND OUT JUST WHO THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY HAD TO DO WITH THIS——
2-
WELL, GO TO IT, AND GOOD LUCK!
O.K. BOSS, COME ON RUSTY-

THAT NIGHT WE FIND SCOOP AND RUSTY SCOURING SOME OF THE WELL KNOWN UNDERWORLD HANGOUTS——
LATER—
RUSTY, WE'VE BEEN TO PRACTICALLY EVERY "HOLE" IN TOWN, BOUGHT DRINKS FOR BUMS, AND WHAT HAVE WE—
SAME AS WE STARTED WITH—NOTHIN——
BY THE WAY- REMEMBER THAT STUMBLE-BUM, SAL DI MARCO, THAT GOT PLAYED FOR A FALL GUY WITH THE BRADY OUTFIT——
YEAH, SO—
SO, IF WE COULD ONLY FIND HIM I THINK HE MIGHT UNBUTTON HIS LIP JUST TO GET EVEN—HE'S OUT NOW, YOU KNOW——
HE USED TO HANG OUT AT "MOMMA BONITA'S" PLACE DOWNTOWN, SCOOP—
SO HE DID-LET'S GO-
AT "MOMMA BONITA'S"
SCOOP, THERE HE IS AT THE BAR—
WE'LL JUST GET INTO A COZY LITTLE CONVERSATION WITH HIM—HE'S TIGHT AS USUAL———
COME ON-LET'S SEE YER MONEY—YOU AIN'T PAID FOR THE LAST ONE YET YA KNOW—
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BARTENDER SAL'S A PAL OF MINE, GET IT UP——
HERE GOES 'NOTHER—
3

ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER AND — —
SURE — THE LOUSY PUNK, BRADY FRAMED ME ON THAT JOB — HE'S A LOUSY RAT — I'LL FIX HIM — YOU WAIT AND SEE —
YOU KNOW, PAL — I FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT THE BRADY MOB MYSELF — I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU — WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE "BULLETIN" JOB ?
HE DID IT ALL RIGHT, SOME JOB TOO —
LOOK, IF YOU COULD SHOW US WHERE THE GANG HANGS OUT AND WHO THEY ARE WE COULD MAKE IT HOT FOR THEM HOW'D YOU LIKE THAT — —
COME ON, PAL, I'LL TAKE YOU THERE —
"BIG FIST" LOGAN'S BOSS NOW — HE'S GOT "TATE", "DOPEY," "FINGER" AND "SQUEAKY" WITH HIM, ALL A BUNCH OF SMALL TIME PUNKS — —
NOW YA SEE THAT OLD DESERTED FACTORY — THEY GOT A PLACE FIXED UP ON THE TOP FLOOR — YOU'LL FIND 'EM UP THERE —
NICE GOING PAL — HERE'S A TEN SPOT — — YOU'D BETTER SCRAM —
CHIEF, HERE'S YOUR FRONT PAGE — GANGSTERS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE "BULLETIN" EXPLOSION ROUNDED UP BY ACE REPORTER AND PHOTOGRAPHER WITH ASSISTANCE OF POLICE — AT DESERTED WAREHOUSE AT "MAPLE AND WELDON" — GET THE POLICE HERE IN A HURRY —
O.K. SCOOP — I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING — NICE OF YOU TO GIVE THE POLICE SOME CREDIT —
4

RUSTY, YOU WAIT HERE UNTIL THE POLICE COME, AND THEN BRING 'EM IN FAST, AND BE READY WITH YOUR CAMERA!
O.K. SCOOP—
HMM—TOP FLOOR—I HEAR 'EM—SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE ALL DRUNK———
THEY'RE IN THAT ROOM, GLAD I BROUGHT MY AUTOMATIC—THE POLICE WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW——
HERE'S A BACK DOOR TO THAT ROOM, AND I'VE GOT A VIEW OF THE STREET FROM HERE——
THE POLICE ARE HERE—THEY'LL ATTACK FROM THE FRONT—I'LL COVER THE REAR———
OH-OH! THEY'RE WISE—GET 'EM UP YOU MUGS!!
BLAST HIM! LET 'EM HAVE IT!
MISSED ME—TAKE THAT——
5

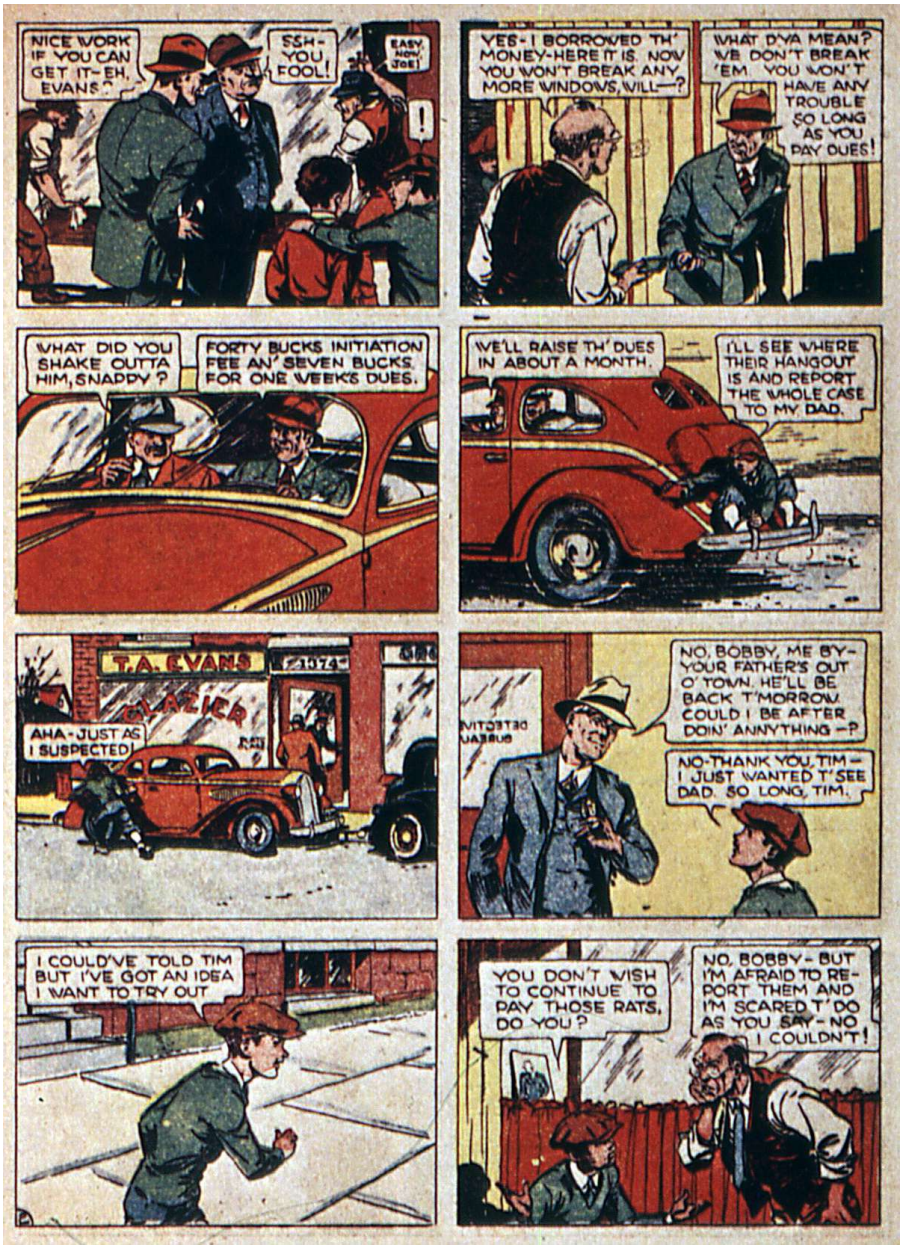
HURRY! SCOOP'S IN A TIGHT SPOT!
THEY'RE FIRING, GIVE IT TO THEM MEN —
DON'T SHOOT, COPPER! WE'LL COME OUT!
OH - THEY GOT ME!
BOY, THIS IS A NICE SHOT!
GET THE CUFFS ON THEM MEN —
LOOK, BOMBS, THEY'LL TAKE THE RAP FOR THAT "BULLETIN" JOB —
COME ON, FELLA - YOU'RE DOING - MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS —
WE DID IT — BRADY — HE MADE US —
NICE WORK, SCANLON — BETTER CONTACT YOUR PAPER —
DON'T WORRY - THE PRESSES ARE ROLLING — COME ON WITH THOSE PICTURES, RUSTY —
THE END.
6

Inspector Donald and Bobby

ALL TH' BUSINESS MEN AROUND HERE BELONG TO OUR PROTECTIVE UNION. WE PROTECT DEM
BUT I CAN'T AFFORD TO PAY THE HIGH DUES RIGHT NOW. LATER, PERHAPS

BUT, I HAVEN'T THE MONEY TO JOIN. I HAD T' BORROW FOR THE NEW WINDOW
YOU'D BETTER BORROW TH' DOUGH T' JOIN OUR UNION. THEN WE'D PROTECT YOUR STORE

AN' MY DAD IS AFRAID I THOUGHT I'D TELL YOU, BOBBY 'CAUSE YOUR FATHER IS A DETECTIVE AND HE'D HELP US.
OF COURSE HE WILL HELP YOU, SID. LET YOU AN' I GO OVER TO THE STORE AN' SEE THEM PUT TH' NEW WINDOW IN.


NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT- EH, EVANS?
SSH- YOU, FOOL!
EASY, NOW, JOE!
!
YES- I BORROWED TH' MONEY-HERE IT IS. NOW YOU WON'T BREAK ANY MORE WINDOWS, WILL—?
WHAT D'YA MEAN? WE DON'T BREAK 'EM. YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE SO LONG AS YOU PAY DUES!
WHAT DID YOU SHAKE OUTTA HIM, SNAPPY?
FORTY BUCKS INITIATION FEE AN' SEVEN BUCKS FOR ONE WEEK'S DUES.
WE'LL RAISE TH' DUES IN ABOUT A MONTH.
I'LL SEE WHERE THEIR HANGOUT IS AND REPORT THE WHOLE CASE TO MY DAD.
T. A. EVANS
AHA- JUST AS I SUSPECTED!
NO, BOBBY, ME BY- YOUR FATHER'S OUT O' TOWN. HE'LL BE BACK T'MORROW. COULD I BE AFTER DOIN' ANNYTHING—?
NO-THANK YOU, TIM— I JUST WANTED T' SEE DAD. SO LONG, TIM.
I COULD'VE TOLD TIM BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA I WANT TO TRY OUT
YOU DON'T WISH TO CONTINUE TO PAY THOSE RATS, DO YOU?
NO, BOBBY- BUT I'M AFRAID TO RE- PORT THEM AND I'M SCARED T' DO AS YOU SAY- NO I COULDN'T!

YOU, TOO, PAY DUES EVERY WEEK WON'T YOU WRITE TH' LETTER I TOLD YOU ABOUT?
NO, BOBBY I'D BE AFRAID TO YES, WE SMALL MERCHANTS PAY DUES BECAUSE IT'S CHEAPER THAN BUYING WINDOWS.
THOSE MERCHANTS ARE AFRAID T' VRITE BUT I'M NOT WE'LL VORRY THEM FOR A CHANGE!
I'LL GO OVER THERE TOMORROW AND BE THERE WHEN THIS IS DELIVERED WE'LL SEE HOW THEY LIKE IT
SAFE
MAIL
WHAT TH—P!!
HA-HA-HA! SENDIN' ME A LETTER LIKE THIS OH-HA-HA-HA! WHAT A LAUGH!— IT'S A JOKE.. OR.. OR---IS IT ???
MR T A EVANS 1374 STATE ST
"YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN "THE MERCHANT'S PROTECTIVE UNION" WE WILL GUARANTEE THAT YOUR STORE AND STOCK WILL NOT BE DESTROYED OR BURNED. THE INITIATION IS FIFTY DOLLARS AND THE DUES ARE EIGHT DOLLARS A WEEK THINK THIS OVER SIGNED THE COMMITTEE
THE LETTER
I'LL FIND OUT IF IT'S A JOKE OR NOT HUH!
HELLO-SNAPPY-GET FRANK AN COME DOWN IN A HURRY VEH- I ALREADY HAD MIKE ON TH' PHONE-HE'LL BE HERE, TOO
"TAINT ELEVEN O'CLOCK YET!
THE BOSS GOT ME OUT O' BED, TOO HE SEEMED EXCITED!

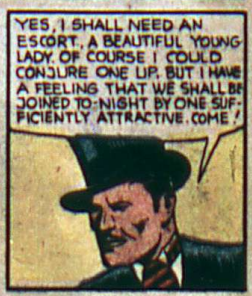
NOW-NONE O' YOU BOYS WOULD WANT T' SHAKE ME DOWN WOULD YOU, HUH?
WHAT D'YA MEAN, BOSS?
SPILL IT!
YEAH - SPILL IT, EVANS!
O-KAY- READ THIS!!
I NEVER SAW IT BEFORE!
I DIDN'T WRITE IT, BOSS!
NOR ME, NEITHER!
NO?
LOOKS PHONY T' ME!
WELL, I DIDN'T DO IT!
WELL, IT'S A CINCH THAT SOMEBODY DID IT AN' IT WASN'T ME!
SAY- DON'T LOOK AT ME MIKE!
SHORTLY AFTER—
I'LL WAIT TIL THOSE GUYS 'RE OUT OF SIGHT—
YOU WONDERED WHY I DROVE AROUND TH' BLOCK-EH, FRANK? WELL, LOOK—GOIN' INTO TH' STORE!
WHY, IT'S- IT'S MIKE SNAPPY!!
YOU, MIKE- YA TRYIN' T' SHAKE ME DOWN?
NOT ME, BOSS, BUT I THINK I KNOW WHO- THAT'S WHY I CAME BACK.
IT WAS MIKE WHO WROTE THAT NOTE. WE'LL SAVE TH' BOSS.
GIT YOUR GAT OUT, SNAPPY- MIKE'S FAST ON TH' DRAW.

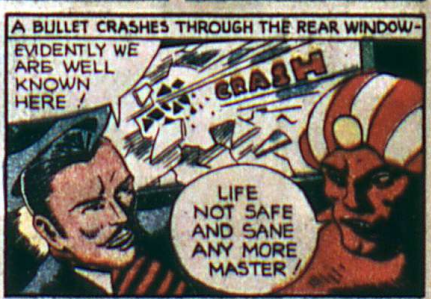
GOLLY- I'LL HAVE TO FIND TH' COP THOSE MEN MIGHT MURDER ONE ANOTHER. OH- THERE'S DAD!!!
BOSS, GET ME STRAIGHT- IT WASN'T ME. MIKE AN' SNAPPY COOKED THIS UP THEY WORK T'GETHER—
YOU THINK THEY'D- AH- DOUBLE- CROSS ME?
TH' BUSINESS IS PRETTY WELL ESTABLISHED NOW, BOSS. LISTEN—I COULD MAKE THEIR COLLECTIONS AS WELL AS MY OWN IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN T' THEM TWO MUGS. THEN TH' CUT'D BE TWO WAYS 'STEAD O'-
!!
?
—'STEAD O' FOUR I GET IT, MIKE. HA- HA- HA- HA-
SO- GONNA RAT ON ME AN' FRANK- RUB US OUT? WHY, YOU—
DON'T!! AW- SNAPPY- PLEASE!
LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOSS!
LOOK, DAD— HE HAS A GUN AN' HE'S MAKIN' FOR THAT CAR!
COME ON, SNAPPY- GIVE ME THAT GUN. DON'T BE A SAP NOW. GIVE IT TO ME!
I'LL GIVE IT T' YOU ALL RIGHT IF YOU DON'T GIT OUT O' MY WAY, INSPECTOR DONALD!

YOU'RE MAKIN' THINGS WORSE FOR—
FER TH' LAST TIME, COPPER—GET OUT O' MY WAY OR I'LL BLAST YA OUT!!
ATTA BOY, BOBBY!
WHAT TH'—?
WHEN HE CAME OUT HIS GUN WAS SMOKING. WE'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK INSIDE, DAD!
IF IT WASN'T FOR TH' KID YOU'D NEVER GOT ME, FLATFOOT!
THESE MEN ARE ALL DEAD, INSPECTOR!
IT'S CLEAR T' ME. SNAPPY AND HIS TWO PALS CAME IN HERE TO "STICK UP" THE PLACE. THE GLAZIER RESISTED AND SHOT IT OUT WITH THEM NOW-------
NO, DAD!
------SO YOU SEE, DAD—I THINK THE WHOLE THING CAME ABOUT THROUGH TH' LETTER THAT I HAD WRITTEN
YOU'LL HAVE TO TESTIFY TO ALL THIS AT SNAPPY'S TRIAL, SON.
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE WRITTEN THE LETTER—IT CAUSED THAT TROUBLE YOU SEE. BUT IT ALSO CAUSED THE BREAKING UP OF THAT GANG
AND TH' SMALL MERCHANTS IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD ARE FREE OF FEAR, DAD.
LEO E. O'MEALIA

ZATARA
MASTER MAGICIAN
AND THE
NIGHT CLUB MURDER

BY FRED GUARDINEER


YES, I SHALL NEED AN ESCORT. A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY OF COURSE I COULD CONJURE ONE UP. BUT I HAVE A FEELING THAT WE SHALL BE JOINED TONIGHT BY ONE SUFFICIENTLY ATTRACTIVE. COME!



I THINK SHE IS APPROACHING NOW TONG !
YOU WILL PARDON ME, SIR ? I AM ALONE AND HE HAS -
HEY, JOAN. COME BACK HERE !
HE HAS BEEN ANNOYING YOU ?
OUT OF MY WAY, WISE GUY !
ME SMACK HIM, MASTER ?
I THINK I'LL ENJOY A LITTLE SMACKING MYSELF, TONG !
MISSED BY A MILE, BUT -
I WON'T !
THE STRANGER, ALTHOUGH KNOCKED OUT, LIES TOO STILL - SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED !
2

DEAD !
GET THE POLICE, TONG
YES, MASTER.
NOT SO FAST, BIG BOY !
PUBLIC TELEPHONE
PUBLIC TELEP
AH ME DO SMACKING NOW !
POW
HOW LIKE THAT SMACK, EH !
YES, CAPTAIN, ZATARA CALLS YOU AT THE "NITE HAWK CLUB"
I'LL HAVE A SQUAD THERE AT ONCE !
THIS MAN DIED FROM A BULLET WOUND FIRED EVIDENTLY JUST AS YOU STRUCK HIM.
THE GIRL, JOAN. WHERE IS SHE ?

GET A MOVE ON! FIND THAT GIRL!
JUST A MOMENT, SERGEANT!
I'M TRYING TO ESTABLISH SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION WITH HER - AH, PARDON ME!
ZATARA PROJECTS HIS SPIRIT TO THE SIDE OF THE MYSTERIOUS JOAN -
YOU KNEW THE COMBINATION OF HIS SAFE. YOU'RE HIS MOLL!
YEAH, SPIT IT OUT!
SUCH FINE CHIVALRY!
I TELL YOU I DON'T KNOW! HE NEVER TOLD ME ANYTHING! I ONLY ENTERTAIN HERE - I SING. HE JUST ANNOYED ME ALL THE TIME - I WAS NEVER HIS MOLL!
SHE'S IN THE OFFICE NOW WITH A COUPLE GORILLAS WORKING ON HER FOR THE SAFE COMBINATION -
AFTER THEM, MEN!
THE MAGICIAN AND THE OFFICERS OF THE LAW RACE TO THE UPSTAIRS OFFICE -
IT'S LOCKED. WE'LL HAVE TO BREAK IT IN!
OFFICE
PRIVATE
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR!
AW - LET ME GIVE IT TO 'EM, BUTCH!
NO MORE SHOOTIN', IKE!

SHAKE A LEG THERE / TAKE HER TO THE HIDEOUT / I'LL HOLD THEM OFF /
I'LL MAKE HASH OUT'EN DE FOIST ONE TO COME THROUGH DAT DOOR !
ONE MORE WILL DO IT /
OFFICE
PRIVATE
AS HE CRASHES THROUGH THE SPLINTERING DOOR, ZATARA, WITH A QUICK GESTURE, CHANGES THE HOODLUM'S GUN TO A WATER PISTOL /
HEY, THAT AIN'T FAIR /
C'MON, OPEN UP - WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE GIRL ?
I AIN'T TALKIN' - I AIN'T NO STOOL PIGEON
ANSWER ME OR TURN TO STONE / WHERE IS THE GIRL, JOAN ?
YOU GOT ME MISTER / WE HEARD YOU SAY YOU MIGHT COME HERE TO NIGHT WE TRIED TO BUMP YOU OFF FOR FEAR YOU'D CATCH ON TO US THE GIRL'S AT OUR HIDEOUT AT MOY STREET /
WITH SIRENS SCREECHING THE POLICE CAR TEARS THROUGH THE CITY ON ITS ERRAND OF JUSTICE -

LET ME GO IN ALONE, SERGEANT. IT MAY SAVE COUNTLESS LIVES!
ROOMS
YOUR WORD IS LAW - BUT IF YOU DON'T COME OUT IN TEN MINUTES -
BY EXERTING HIS POWERFUL AND TRAINED WILL, ZATARA RENDERS HIMSEF INVISIBLE -
THE MAGICIAN FINDS AND PREPARES TO ENTER THE ROOM WHERE THE GIRL IS HELD CAPTIVE -
FIRE DOOR
YOU KNOW WHAT WE GIVE OUT TO DAMES LIKE YOU -
ZATARA SUDDENLY BECOMES VISIBLE AGAIN -
WELL I'LL BE -
MY ROD - IT'S A SNAKE!
AND THE SNAKE BECOMES A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS!
NOW, JOAN, WHAT IS YOUR PART IN THIS
BIG BILL - WHO WAS KILLED - HIRED ME AS A SINGER. WHEN I WOULD NOT BE HIS MOLL, HE GOT SORE THESE GANGSTERS TRIED TO CRACK HIS SAFE BUT KILLED BIG BILL FIRST!
THEY THOUGHT I KNEW THE COMBINATION OF THE SAFE IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU I'D BE DEAD!
INSTEAD OF YOU, THESE GENTLEMEN WILL DO THAT AFTER THEIR CONVICTION — OF MURDER!
- THE END -

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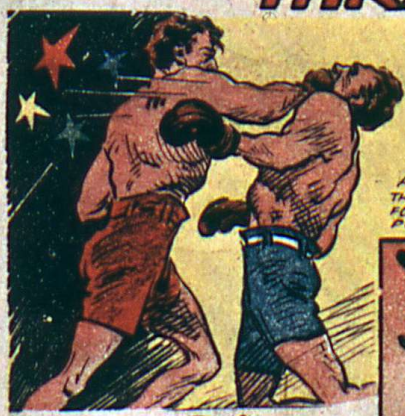
THRILLS!



SPORTHRILL!

BATTLING NELSON KNOCKED OUT WILLIAM ROSSER IN TWO SECONDS!

AS THE BELL RANG, NELSON SPRANG ACROSS THE RING AND CAUGHT ROSSER AS HE STEPPED FORWARD, KNOCKING HIM OUT WITH ONE PUNCH.

HAD 29 HORSES SHOT UNDER HIM DURING THE CIVIL WAR

YET GENERAL N.B. FORREST, DARING CONFEDERATE CAVALRY LEADER, WAS NOT KILLED ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE!

LANDS SPEEDING PLANE ON ONE WHEEL!

AFTER LIEUT. HAROLD NEVINS, YOUNG WORLD WAR PILOT, HAD LOST THE LEFT WHEEL OF HIS PLANE WHEN FLYING, HE MADE A LANDING USING ONE WHEEL

PICKED OUT OF THE WRECKAGE, NEVINS WAS TOLD THAT FIVE PILOTS HAD RECENTLY BEEN KILLED IN THIS MANNER. HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO HAD EVER ACCOMPLISHED THIS FEAT AND SURVIVED IT.

$25 Cash Prizes for the Best Letters!!

First of all, pick out the five features you like best in this magazine and write the names of these features in the coupon on the right hand side of the page.

You will notice that in the coupon are five numbers. After No. 1 print the name of the feature you like best of all, and then after No. 2 print the name of the feature you like next . . . and right down the numbers list the features in the order of your preference.

After you have filled in the names of the features, get out your pen and ink and paper and write a letter of 100 words or less telling why you prefer the feature you've printed after No. 1 and why you think this strip is the best of all the features in the magazine.

It sounds simple and it IS simple! Try it and see!

There are twenty-five $1 prizes waiting to be sent to the 25 best letters that are mailed into this magazine.

Be sure to print your name and address clearly in the coupon and send your letter and coupon to:

LETTER CONTEST,
ACTION COMICS,
480 Lexington Ave.
New York, N. Y.

All entries must be in by Tuesday, September 6, 1938

I THINK THESE ARE THE FIVE BEST FEATURES IN **ACTION COMICS**

1.....

2.....

3.....

4.....

5.....

Name.....

Street No. .....

City.....

State.....

And here are the WINNERS in the Color Page contest!

A prize of $1 has been sent each of these winners for having submitted the best colored pages in the contest held in the June issue of ACTION COMICS.

JIMMY McENTEE, Newark, N. J.
KITTY CONNELLY, Brooklyn, N. Y.
JIM TOM JONES, San Antonio, Texas.
JAMES TRAYLOR, Montgomery, Alabama.
DAVID McLAUGHLIN, Toronto, Canada.
GEORGE LEBARTON, Pittsburgh, Penn.
RALPH JAY, Honolulu, T. H.
DORIS PETERSON, Winterset, Iowa.
ALFRED OAKES, Arlington, Virginia.
HAROLD VAN GORDEN, Middleburg, Ohio.
JUNE DUNN, Lowell, Mass.
ROLAND CHIN, San Francisco, Calif.
BILL PECKHAM, Little Rock, Arkansas.
JANE SMITH, Seattle, Washington.
STANLEY STANILEWICZ, New York, N. Y.
MARGUERITE MAKER, Windsor, Canada.
G. PRESTON HATCHER, Texarkana, Texas.
MARJORIE ROBINSON, Bismarck, North Dakota
EDWARD BIELSKI, Saginaw, Michigan.
RICHARD WIMMER, St. Cloud, Minnesota.
BILL WHITELAW, Jacksonville, Florida.
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